



G. Verelst. del. s.



K. Ash
Sir Roger L'Estrange's
FABLES,
WITH
MORALS
AND
REFLECTIONS,
In ENGLISH VERSE.

By Mr. *E. STACT.*

Vir bonus & prudens versus reprehendit inertes.
Hor. Art. Poet.

L O N D O N:

Printed by *M. Fenour*, for *THO. HARBIN*
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in the *Strand.* 1717.

Sir Robert L. E. E. E. E.

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T O
MAURICE HUNT, Esq;

S I R,



OUR Birth and
Fortune having
plac'd You very
high in the World : and the

The Dedication.

Moral Virtues, which already shine thro' Your Youth, and give a Lustre to Your Actions, having render'd You an Ornament to Your Class; I don't know any Gentleman of Your Age, whose Character can better Recommend this new Version of *Æsop's FABLES*.

'Twill be needless for me, I presume, to detain You with Encomiums upon Sir

Roger

The Dedication.

Roger L'Estrange's MORALS
and REFLECTIONS; nor
will I offer any thing in
Vindication of my own Per-
formances: You'll quickly
perceive both by the Style
and Method, that they are
chiefly intended to Divert
and Instruct Young Gentle-
men; and I am apt to be-
lieve, if You find 'em mak-
ing any Advances that Way,
You will not suppose them

The Dedication.

utterly unworthy Your Observation.

SIR, I am very sensible that You are daily in Conversation with those of Your own Family, that are every ways qualify'd to give You the best Instructions; and yet when I consider, that in a little Time You are to make Your Entry into a World overrun with all Sorts of Vice and Folly, I
can't

The Dedication.

can't help thinking, but that
if You please now and then
to look into these FABLES,
but you'll meet with some
Hints that may be of Use
to You.

'T W A S our Author, Sir
Roger L'Estrange's Opinion,
That there was nothing ne-
cessary for the Conduct of
Human Life but might be
collected from them. " I
" learnt them, *says he*, in

The Dedication.

“ my Youth, study’d them
“ in my Manhood, and
“ continue to reflect upon
“ them in my Old Age, and
“ have found them still of
“ the greatest Service to me
“ in many of the most
“ difficult and important
“ Transactions of my Life.

AFTER this Great Man
I will only add, that they
have a natural Tendency to
promote an Enquiry into
the

The Dedication.

the Cause and Consequence of Things, and will always afford innocent Divertisements, and such too that are great and noble, and every ways agreeable to the Character, as well as to the Aims, of a Rational Man.

'T I S upon these Considerations I have taken the Liberty to lay them before You : Be pleased to pardon

The Dedication.

me for the Presumption, and
permit me to be,

S I R,

Your most Obedient Servant,

Ed. Stacy.



and
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H
THE
PREFACE.



nt,
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y.
H
AVING turn'd the
FABLES of Æsop, as
they are Improv'd by
Sir Roger L'Estrange,
into Variety of English
Verse, with a Design to lay them be-
fore the Publick, it may be expected
perhaps, that according to Custom, I
should acquaint the Reader with the
Motives that first prevail'd with me
to make the Experiment.

This, tho' I look upon it to be only
Matter of Formality, I shall so far
comply

The P R E F A C E.

comply with, as to let him know; That in reading over that incomparable Book I thought several of the Reflections too long and Philosophical for the Entertainment of Young Gentlemen; and that consequently if the Whole was contracted and done into tolerable English Verse, it might render the FABLES still more Delightful and Universal.

These were the real and the only Motives that put me upon this bold Attempt; and truly, they seem'd to me to carry that Weight with them, that let the Success be what it will, in many Respects they must justify the Design.

Whoever looks into the Practice of former Ages, will find in all the Accounts of Wise Men, that the Care of their Youth was still uppermost in their Thoughts: They consider'd that all Good or Ill was deriv'd from Education; and observ'd, that the Mind
was

The PREFACE.

was the Supream Seat of Happiness, as well as Reason; and therefore made it their chief Concern to cultivate that, and implant there the early Principles of Virtue and Morality.

'Twas in this Inquisition the first and greatest Masters of Reason and Experience spent their most deep and deliberate Contemplations. They consulted by what Methods Nature might be best improv'd, and at last seem'd very unanimous, That as all Erudition was in some measure the Effect of Advice and Reproof, so it could no ways be better recommended than under the Umbrage of concise and well-adapted Metaphors.

Æsop is reputed to be the original Author of this Art of Schooling Mankind: He perceiv'd doubtless that Human Nature in general was too Stubborn and Refractory to be dealt with
upon

The PREFACE.

upon the Force of plain and direct Reasoning, and therefore contriv'd his FABLES on purpose to bring Men to the Knowledge of Things by proper and significant Resemblances.

He foresaw that Vice and Folly would increase with the World, and that they'd be perpetually growing more insolent and barefac'd, till even Youth it self was become too headstrong and masterly for downright Admonition.

This Contrivance of Application by Hints and Glances is certainly the best Way under Heaven to let Men into a sight of their Errors; it makes the Light of their own Consciences flash in their Faces, and so whether they will or not, brings them to pass a Judgment upon themselves.

But as the Allegorical Way of Speaking and Writing stands already so well confirm'd by the Testimonies

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of all the best Authors both Antient and Modern, and is so fully establisb'd in the Opinion of Wise Men, I think there can be no Necessity for me to enlarge farther upon't, but rather proceed to offer a few Things with respect to the present Adventure : And in order to that I think my self oblig'd to observe,

That tho' this be the first Publick Appearance that these FABLES have made in the Shape they now bear, yet the Design is of an older Date, and may in some Respect be said to be deriv'd from our Author himself.

I was, I think, about Three Years before his First Volume was Publish'd, when a Proposal of this Nature was upon the Stocks : He then seem'd to approve of it, and was very zealous to have an Experiment made, which was accordingly done to his

The P R E F A C E.

his Satisfaction; upon which he not only promis'd to promote the Attempt, but was pleas'd at the same Time to observe, That a Poetical Version of the FABLES of Æsop, if the Performance was tolerable, would recommend them exceedingly to the Publick, and consequently be a Means to induce Young Gentlemen to read 'em with greater Delight and Attention: But then, said he, to carry this Design through, will require a great deal of Pains, Judgment and Integrity.

The Person that will venture to undertake such a Work as this will be, must be as perfect a Master in the Poetick Science as Buchanan; his Wit must be easy, delicate and natural, and his Style neither too high and lofty, nor too low, creeping or Pedantick.

There is nothing that the Wit of Man can contrive, better adapted to
the

The PREFACE.

the *Palate and Capacity of Youth* than the *FABLES* of *Æsop*: *What pity, nay, how scandalous is it then, that they should not be put into better Language, and deliver'd for the future out of the Talons of ignorant Scriblers and Poetasters?* *Nay, says he, 'tis a sort of Blemish upon our Conduct, and throws a Slur upon the English Language, that it has been so long neglected.*

I have read these FABLES, adds he, in every Part of my Life, and I continue to read them still, and the oftner I read them the better I like them: I have consulted them seriously, and find them to be the best System of Moral Precepts yet in Being.

There is hardly any thing requisite for the good Government of Human Life but may be collected from 'em. This, says he, I speak by my own Experience. I have often found the excellent
Hints

The PREFACE.

Hints and Cautions I have gather'd from them of the greatest Advantage.

This was the Doctrine this incomparable Mythologist then preach'd upon this important Text; and sure no Man ever understood a Text better, or follow'd the Original with more Exactness, as his Book must demonstrate to the end of Time.

However, upon some particular Reasons, which are not at all material here, this Design, after all, was laid aside, and there was no more heard of it, till it was reviv'd by a fresh Rumour, that Sir Roger L'Estrange had been prevail'd with to take the sole Management of these FABLES upon himself.

Some time after his First Volume came out: And as it was the most correct Performance of the Kind that ever was in our own, or perhaps

The PREFACE.

in any other Language; so it soon obtain'd a general Approbation, and gave an Additional Lustre to the Character of that Great Man.

'Tis needless to trouble the Reader with collateral Encomiums upon a Work that has been so universally esteem'd. I will only take upon me to add, that the Reflections, which are the only part of the Book he can properly call his own, are writ with such exquisite Judgment, so well adapted to the Design of the Fable, and in such a beautiful and correct Style, that in many Instances they exceed his Seneca; which is look'd upon to be one of the best Performances in the English Language.

In these Reflections he shews himself every where a great Master of Reason and Experience, and a true Judge of Men and Things. His Arguments are grave and severe, and yet

The P R E F A C E.

yet at the same Time pleasant and genteel: His Periods are full and comprehensive, and a Native Elegancy and Purity of Language shines thro' 'em all.

And this is all that I think needful at present, either with respect to the Author or the Design. I shall now proceed to offer the Reader a few Observations on my Part of the Performance.

And first, I think my self oblig'd to acknowledge, that not only the Original Design, but even the Words and Thoughts are Sir Roger L'Estrange's, especially the Fables and Morals, which I have only attempted to make a little more Familiar: Indeed in the Reflections, where they were very long, I have been forc'd to make use of my own Expression, in order to bring the Book within the Limits intended.

As

THE PREFACE.

As to the Style, I have taken all the Care I could to make it smooth and easy, and to adapt it to the Nature of the Fables, and withall to preserve a Uniformity, the better to induce the Reader to look thro' the whole Book.

By the Cast of the Design and the Simplicity of the Dress, 'tis easy to judge upon what Account I have ventur'd to try this Experiment: And let the Performance be what it will, I'm confident I intended it well.

I am not insensible that the FABLES of Æsop have been often attempted, and sometimes in Verse too; but the Performances have generally been so flat and insipid, that they have rather been a Scandal than an Advantage to our Language.

How well I have succeeded must be left to Time, and it will be but a little Time neither before the Experiment

The P R E F A C E.

ment will be try'd : For as the Book is all finish'd, and doom'd in a Day or two to take its Chance, we shall soon see what sort of Treatment the World will afford it.

I will not pretend to offer the Reader any thing further in Apology or Excuse for the Nature and Manner of the Verse, or in Defence of the Performance in general. If it be well, 'twill make its own Apology, and carry a Reputation along with it : If ill, all that I can offer will signify nothing ; and so the less I say the better.



A N

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Referring to the NUMBER of the

Respective FABLES.

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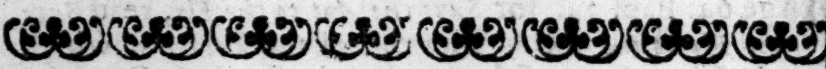
49
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177 Page 64. Fab. 34. for *Says the Ant to the Fly*, read *Says the Fly to the Ant.* The rest of the Errata's, which are only Literals, are submitted to the Reader's Candour.

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Wasps

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE other Part of these FABLES
will be Publish'd next Term: To
which will be prefix'd the *Life of Æsop*
with a Character of Sir Roger L'Estrange.
Both done into VERSE by the same
Hand.





Sir Roger L'Estrange's
FABLES, &c.
In ENGLISH VERSE.

F A B. I.

A Cock and a Diamond.



AS a COCK on a *Dunghill* was
scratching i'the *Litter*,
He happen'd to spy a DIAMOND
Glitter.

Had a *Jeweller* found it, says he to himself,
It had been of *Worth* to a *Covetous Elfe*;
But as I am a COCK, 'tis to me but a *Stone*,
And a *Barley Corn*'s better *Forty to One*.

B The

The M O R A L.

Heaven *very seldom fails to Bless,*
 Honest Industry *with Success :*
The wisest Men are more content
With things for Use than Ornament.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Happy's that honest *Man*, who, free from *Pride*,
 Does for himself and *Family Provide :*
 Who gets his *Bread* by *Industry* and *Care ;*
 Whose only *Wants* the *Wants* of *Nature* are.
 For them he *Strives*, for them does *Heav'n Implore*,
 And those obtain'd, wishes nor wants no more.

Of this th'industrious COCK that found the *Fem*,
 Has left a great *Example* for us *Men :*
 He knew a DI'MOND was not fit for *Food*,
 And rightly judg'd 'twould then do him no good;
 So lets it lie till some mistaken *Fop*,
 Shou'd chance to pick the useless *Trifle* up.
 By which we're wisely caution'd to *Despise*
 All needless *Pomps* and empty *Fooleries*,
 And only things of *Use* and real *Value* prize.

F A B. II.

A Cat and Cock.

A COCK by sad mishap once fell
 I'the Clutches of a CAT,
 Who long'd to be upon his *Bones*,

But could not well do that,
 Without first making some *Pretence*:

Sirrah, says she, you keep
 Such *Noise* and *Screaming* in the Night,
 The *Neighbours* cannot sleep.

Lord! says the COCK, I never call
 Before 'tis time to Wake:

Nay, says the CAT, what's worse than that,
 You're an *Incestuous Rake*.

You make no *Conscience* to *Debauch*
 Your *Mother* and your *Sisters*:

Says the poor COCK, that's only done
 For *Eggs* to please my *Mistress*.

Come come, says *Puss*, all this is Talk,

To me you seem a *Rogue*;

Beside I'm hungry, and can't sup

On empty *Dialogue*.

At which she gave his Throat a pinch,
 That without more to do,
 Did in an Instant put an End
 To COCK and Story too.

F A B. III.

A Wolf and a Lamb.

A WOLF once lapping at a *Fountain's Brow*,
 At a far Distance spy'd a LAMB below;
 With open Mouth to *seize* the Prey he ran,
 But first with vile *Reproaches* thus began.

Villain! to foul the *Stream* in which I *Drink*.
 Says the poor LAMB, Alas, I did not think
 'Twas possible the *Stream* should backwards move,
 To foul the *Current* that's so far above.

You'll never leave your *Logick*, says the *Brute*,
 Till you have lost your *Skin* in the *Dispute*,
 As did your *Father* near ten *Months* ago;
 You know, you Rascal! what I say is so.

If you'll believe me, says the trembling LAMB,
 That's full four *Months* e're to the *World* I came.
 Rogue! says the WOLF, yo've neither *Grace*
 nor *Shame* :

But 'tis the *Nature* of your *Race*, says he,
Slaves, as you are, to hate our *Family*.
 But since I've had the *Luck* to meet you here,
 I'll make you pay some part of the *Arrear* :
 So to his *Throat* he *Leaps*, and says no more,
 But soon the helpless LAMB to pieces tore.

The MORAL of these Two FABLES.

He that's to beat a Dog inclin'd,
Need not go far a Staff to find.
Where Cruelty and Power prevail,
E'ne Innocence it self must fail :
But Conscience is a thing so Sacred,
Most Villains their Pretention make it.

R E F L E C T I O N.

When *Pride* and *Power* with *Cruelty* are join'd ;
 No fitter *Engine* to destroy *Mankind* :

6 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

If *Innocence* is doom'd to be oppress'd,
Pleadings are vain, and *Arguments* a jest;
Nay, e'en the *Virtues* of the *Man Accus'd*,
Are Misapply'd, Misconstru'd or Refus'd :
Witness the COCK, whose calling but in time
Is basely charg'd upon him as his *Crime*.

Such is the *Confidence* of cruel *Spight*,
That *Things Impossible* are judg'd for *Right*,
And the poor LAMB is made a *Hypocrite*.
Words are inverted from their common Sense,
Wrested and *Chang'd* to injure *Innocence* :
Whilst powerful *Villains* pass without *Regard*,
Nay, often meet with *Favour* and *Reward*.

Justice and *Truth* have no secure *Resort*,
But to the *Great* and *Universal Court*.
For as the World now goes, when WOLVES
and CATS
Have got Sole *Power* to *Act* as *Magistrates*,
The COCKS and LAMBS must at their *Mercy* lie
And have, alas ! no *Prospects* but to die.

F A B. IV.

A Frog and a House.

A Bloody *Quarrel* once there chanc'd to be,
 'Twixt FROGS and MICE, which shou'd
 chief *Rulers* be ;
 But whilst two *Champions* fought, down comes a *Kite*,
 Swallow'd them both, and so concludes the *Fight*.

F A B. V.

A Lyon and a Bear.

A BEAR and a LYON got a *Fawn* on a day,
 And quarrell'd and fought which should
 bear off the *Prey* ;
 They contended so long they were glad to lie down,
 And a *Fox* coming by, seiz'd the *Fawn* for his own ;
 And tho' both saw the *Matter*, yet neither could rise,
 But lay licking their *Wounds* till he got the *Prize* :
 Upon which they *Reflect* what *Blockheads* they were
 To *Fight* for a *Booty* another must share.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

*When Gotham Fools a Quarrel make,
The Knaves still carry off the Stake.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Thus Senseless Coxcombs oft the State Embroil,
But Crafty Villains still divide the Spoil :
Ever when Parties furiously contend,
There's still a Third that watch to gain their End.
DIVIDE and *GOVERN* is a Rule of State,
Taught by Experience and Confirm'd by Fate.
This Argues loudly for a Common Peace,
That Private Views and Treach'rous Aims may cease:

In all great Changes of the World we see,
The first Contendants are the Property ;
And 'tis but Justice too it shou'd be so,
Those that begin the Broils shou'd share the Woe.

People may talk of Liberty and Right,
But Pow'r and Int'rest are their sole Delight :
And this may do a while, yet in the End
They for each other's Ruine but contend ;

Some

Some FOX or KITE is ever in the way,
To snatch the *Booty* and devour the *Prey*.

F A B. VI.

A Dog and a Shadow.

With *Flesh* in his *Mouth* as a DOG pass'd a *Brook*,
He unluckily happen'd i'th' *Water* to look;
Where seeing his SHADOW, he greedily *Chops*,
So out of his *Teeth* the *Substance* he drops.

The M O R A L.

Those that All covet, oft All lose,
Which some for a Reproof shou'd use,
Who guide their Lives by Appetite,
Without consulting what is Right.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Insatiate *Lust* and an unbounded *Will*,
The more they have, the more they covet still;
Restless they hunt for more, for more they call,
And seldom stop till they have *Ruin'd* all.

10 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

The *Substance* and the *Shadow* here set forth
A world of *Meanings* of exceeding Worth;
Vain *Hopes* and fond *Desires*, incessant *Care*,
Under these Heads all comprehended are.

What shall we say of that insipid *Sort*,
That for *Preferments* hourly haunt the *Court*?
Slaves to *Attendance*, wretched *Mortals* these,
That live on *Visions* and *Appearances*;
That for the *Shadow* of a *Statesman's* Smile,
Their *Lives* of all the Noblest Parts beguile.

How wretched is that *Man* that takes *Delight*
To gratify a foolish *Appetite*;
Who sells his *Reason*, *Liberty*, and *Fame*,
But for a *Shadow*, if he gets his *Aim*,
And hunts from *Vanity* to *Vanity* so fast,
That he in *Course* must ruine all at last.

Th' *Ambitious Man*, how wretched too is he,
Whose *boundless Hopes* admit of no *Degree*;
Nothing can stop him till he reach the *Top*,
Where he must hang i'th' *Air* a while and *Drop*:

H'has

H' has no *Support* when he can mount no higher,
Falls if he stays, and yet he can't retire.

Men have enough at hand by *Nature's* Care,
And those that grasp at more deserve no Share.

That Man that toils for *Wealth*, or to be *Great*,
Gets nothing by the Bargain but Deceit;
The solid *Substances* of Life lets fall,
Catches at *Shadows*, and so loses all :
From *More* to *Most* he gradually goes on,
Till he has *All*, and then he is undone ;
Then he grows sick and weary of his *Pains*,
Wishes for *More*, yet knows no more Remains.

What *Slaves* are those whom wild *Affections* Rule !
And what strange *Arts* they use to play the *Fool* !
Scorch'd up with Thirst, like *Tantalus* they lie,
Whilst round their *Lips* the cooling *Waters* ply :
Some like the Wretch that *Rolls* the *Stone* up Hill,
Others like *Ixion* always in the Wheel ;
With endless Toil still the same *Round* they run,
And still return where they at first begun.
Now, pray, to what can all this Stir amount,
But perfect *Shadow* in the *Grand Account* ?

But

12 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

But after all, to learn requires our *Care*,
What is the *Substance*, which the *Shadows* are:
For this to *Epictetus* we must go,
What's in our *Power*, and what is not to know;
And not like *Aesop's Dog* at *Shadows Chop*,
And by our *Follies* let the *Substance Drop*.

F A B. VII.

A *Lyon*, an *Ass*, &c. a *Hunting*.

A LYON, ASS, and other *Beasts*,
A HUNTING went one Day,
But first they *Share and Share alike*,
Agree to snack the *Prey*.
It was their *Chance* to seize a *Stag*,
Which they in *Parts* Divide,
But as they were about to choose,
The LYON thus Reply'd:
This *Part* is mine by *Right of Blood*,
Another I will have;
A *Third*, because I took most *Pains*;
And if the *Fourth* you crave,

We

We must e'en *pluck a Crow* for that :

And so, without Dispute,
The poor *Confed'rates* all sneak off,
And were *as Fishes Mute*.

THE MORAL.

*With those too Strong or Crafty for us,
To make a League, does but embarrass.
He that has got the Staff, will still
Carve as he please, because he will:
This we shou'd mark too with the Rest,
That all bought Wit is still the best.*

REFLECTION.

Craving the ASS's Pardon, he's unwise,
That for his PARTNERS takes unfit ALLIES ;
The *Weak* are still subservient to the *Strong*,
Patience alone can mitigate their Wrong.

In all th' *Affairs* of Life Men shou'd beware,
Not to engage with Those above their *Sphere*.

Says

14 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

Says the *Court Minion*, find me out a *Place*,
And when 'tis found, as in the *LYON's Case*,
Takes it himself, and drops the simple *ASS*.

The Men in *POWER* their *Clients* still enslave,
First draw them in, then *Pillage* all they have.
Ambition, Greatness, and the Thirst of Gold,
No Bonds of *Justice* or of *Honour* hold.
Service with Words and Promises is paid,
And the poor honest Man is still *Betray'd*:
So what the *LYON* does, in truth's no more,
Than what is daily done by *Men in Power*.

F A B. VIII.

A Wolf and a Crane.

A WOLF that had gotten a BONE cross his
Throat,
Thought the BILL of a CRANE the best Remedy for't;
So accordingly goes, and finding one out,
He makes him large *Offers*, if he wou'd but do't.

The

The CRANE did the Job, then asking his Fee,
 Says the WOLF, What an *Impudent Coxcomb* you be!
 Wan't your Head in my Mouth? I'm sure, if
 y'ad Sense,
 You'd eas'ly conclude 'twas a good *Recompence*,
 That I suffer'd you safely to bring it from thence.

The MORAL.

*For one good Turn, there's some will say,
 We shou'd another always pay:
 Yet he that has with Brutes to do,
 (And some Men are no better too)
 If he with a whole Skin is spar'd,
 Let him expect no more Reward.*

REFLECTION.

The MORAL in this FABLE first doth shew,
 We *Gratitude* to our *Preservers* owe;
 Next, tho' the CRANE escap'd, we hardly see,
 Excuse enough for his *Facility*.
 Nay, when h' had done the *Job*, to seek *Reward*,
 I think, is what might very well be spar'd.

Good

16 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

Good Actions pay themselves : Beside, 'tis vain,
To think a WOLF his *Promise* shou'd maintain.
He spar'd his *Life*, and that perhaps was more,
Than ever WOLF did i'th' like Case before.

'Tis a Nice Case to Judge, I must confess,
How far to serve the Wicked in *Distress*.
Good Men for Bad may Noble *Actions* do,
Which neither *Law* nor *Conscience* bind them to ;
They may *Assist* them, and *Relieve* their *Wants*,
As far as Good and Gen'rous Nature prompts :
But then, be sure that this no further goes,
Than what becomes the *Conscience* of the Cause, }
To go beyond exalted *Weakness* shews :
Nor will the *President* before us now,
The *Common Practice* of the thing allow.

The greatest *Gamesters* often miss a *B'ot*,
And sometimes, tho' but seldom, see it not ;
And so perhaps the WOLF whilst under *Cure*,
Forgot the *Mischief* that was in his *Pow'r* :
Yet shou'd the CRANE his *Preservation* own,
Not to the WOLF, but *Providence* alone.

How

How many *Villains* can this *Age* produce,
That bring this *Fable's Moral* into Use?

Villains, whose *Names* are sunk to a *Degree*
Below the common Pitch of *Infamy*:

Villains that with unweary'd *Spight* pursue,
Their *Benefactors* and *Preservers* too,

And act the *WOLF* in every thing they do,

}

F A B. IX.

A Countryman and a Snake.

A COUNTRYMAN once found a SNAKE,
As it lay underneath a *Brake*,

Frozen almost to *Death*:

And being a good *Natur'd SOT*,

Into his *Breast* the *VERMIN* put

Till it Recover'd *Breath*.

As soon as it could *Mischief* do,

Its *Poys'nous Nature* to pursue,

This very Man it *Bites*.

Base

Base *Wretch*, says he, could nothing less
 Than thy *Preserver's Ruine* please,
 Thou worst of *Hypocrites*?

THE MORAL.

*Some Men there are who like this Creature,
 Are prone to Mischief by their Nature;
 And the more Friendships they Receive,
 The greater Malice still they have.*

REFLECTION.

*Ungrateful Men are Foes to all Mankind,
 Whom no Rewards, no Obligations bind;
 Yet there are those who in their Bosoms lay,
 Villains! whose Nature leads them to Betray.
 But this is no new thing for Friendly Men
 Often to meet with base Returns again.
 Therefore we ought to weigh in such a Case,
 The Person well on whom we Favours place.*

How many fresh *Examples* may we see
 Of this ungrateful *Kind of Villany*;

Of *Wretches* from the lowest Ebb of *Fate*,
 Rais'd to the highest *Posts* of *Church* and *State*:
Wretches below *Contempt*, whose *Power* of *Ill*
 Lay only close secreted in their *Will*;
 Who like this *SNAKE* ungratefully pursue
 Their *Patrons Ruine*, and procure it too.

In all these *SNAKES* the *Venom* still prevails,
 The *Power* sometimes, but the *Will* ne'er fails.
 They may be sometimes frozen and in pain,
 But warm the *Vermin*, they'll soon *Bite* again:
SNAKES will be *SNAKES*, and so will still
 remain.

F A B. X.

A *Lyon* and an *Ass*.

AN *ASS* was so *Vain* and *Foolhardy* one day,
 He presum'd at a *LYON* to *Snigger* and
Bray.

The *LYON* at first *Resents* the *Affront*;
 But thinking again 'twas an *ASS* that had don't,

He

20 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

He replies with a Smile, Jeer on like a STARK
ASS,

But remember your *Meanness* 'tis now saves your
Carcase.

The MORAL.

*To a great Mind it is too low
With Scoundrels a Contest to know:
Beside with Rascals to contend
Brings only Scandal in the End.*

REFLECTION.

Most *Scoundrels* are to *Insolence* inclin'd,
But all wise Men the *Sawey Slaves* ne'er mind.
The LYON's in the Right not to debase
His *Greatness*, by contending with an ASS:
Contempt's the best *Revenge* in such a Case.

F A B.

F A B. XI.

A City Mouse and a Country
Mouse.

A COUNTRY MOUSE, as *Authors* write,
 Did once a CITY MOUSE invite ;
 Nothing she spar'd to make her *Guest*,
 Exceeding welcome to her *Feast*,
 Parings of Cheese and Bacon Rusty,
 With Mouldy Crusts and Oatmeal Musty,
 And all her best and choicest Things,
 To entertain her, out she brings.

The City Dame was so well bred,
 That she took friendly all she did ;
 But yet at last, *Sister*, says she,
 Why will you thus unhappy be ?
 Why will you *Pine* your *Life* out here,
 When you so soon may mend your *Cheer* ?
 Go but to *Town* with me you'll find
 Pleasure and Plenty to your Mind.

The

The COUNTRY MOUSE, who lik'd the
Motion,

Told her she was at her *Devotion* :
So they together trudge to *Town*,
Where they arrive that Night at One.
When home the CITY MOUSE was come,
She takes the *Dame* from *Room* to *Room* :
And after having shew'd her all
Her Stores, i'th' *Kitchen* and the *Hall*,
She took her to the *Parlour*, where
They found good Store of dainty *Fare* :
Upon a *Velvet Couch* they get,
And there in *State* at *Supper* sit.

The *Bumpkin* who had never known
Such *Doings* at her Country *Home*,
Began to *Bless* her *Change* ; when lo !
Ill-Luck had order'd *Matters* so,
All on a sudden open flew
The *Doors*, and in there comes a *Crew*
Of *Footmen*, *Wenches*, *Dogs* and *Boys*,
Which soon determine all their *Foys*,
And put them both to their *Wits* Ends,
To think how they should save their *Skins* ;

Especially

Especially the *Country Stranger*,
 Who ne'er before was in such *Danger*,
 And trembling in a Corner lay,
 Till all the *Gang* was gone away.
 When all was quiet, out she came;
 Well, my *Court Sister*, says the *Dame*,
 If this your *Way of living* be,
 My *Mouldy Cheese* and *Crusts* for me.
 Free from *Alarms* and void of *Care*,
 I'll to my *Hole* again *Repair*,
 Where no such *Fears* and *Dangers* are.

THE MORAL.

If we the Country Life compare,
With what the Lives of Courtiers are;
The One is harmless, calm and free,
The Other all Anxiety.

REFLECTION.

Free from the *Noise* and *Bustlings* of the *Great*,
 Grant me, Oh *Heaven*! some little *Healthful Seat*,
 Where I in *Silence* may pass on my *Life*,
 And sleep secure from *Danger*, *Noise* and *Strife*.

How

24 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

How happy are the Men that seldom range
Beyond the *Limits* of their *Native Grange*!
Who undisturb'd, and from *Temptations* free,
Enjoy with *Ease* their *Health* and *Liberty*.

Rather than live at *Court* I'd choose to dwell,
Like *Æsop's Mouse*, in some poor lonely *Cell*:
No *Duns* nor *Fools*, no *Traitor*, *Theif* or *Cheat*,
Could there the *Comforts* of my *Life* *Defeat*.
There I should never hear the dreadful *Cries*
Of *Murders*, *Rapes*, and horrid *Blasphemies*;
From *Envy*, *Pride* and *Jealousy* *Remov'd*,
Secur'd from *Danger*, and by all *belov'd*;
With just enough for *Nature's* fit *Support*:
Oh may I live, and never see the *Court*.

To him I would *Appeal*, whom rigid *Fate*
Has doom'd to live *Dependant* on the *State*;
If after all his *Doubts*, his *Cares* and *Pains*,
His real *Losses* don't exceed his *Gains*.
What *Madman* is he then that hunts for *Toys*,
Forsakes his solid for uncertain *Joy*?
With *Bullies*, *Pimps* and *nauseous Parasites*,
Waste all his *Days*, with *Filts* consumes his *Nights*.

Let such a *Man* but cast up the *Accounts*,
He'll quickly see to what the whole *Amounts* ;
That all the *Pleasures* of the *Court* are such,
They *wast* away and *wither* at the *Touch*,
And so perhaps conclude upon the whole,
The *Country Mouse* was happiest in her *Hole*.

F A B. XII.

A *Crow* and a *Muscle*.

A CROW found a MUSCLE, and to *Batt'ring*
he fell,

But yet for his *Blood* cou'd not open the *Shell* ;
A *Carion-Crow* comes, and told him he might,
What he cou'd not by *Force*, accomplish by *Sleight* :
Take it into the *Air*, and drop't on a *Rock*,
You shall see, says the CROW, it will break with
the *Knock*.

He took his Advice, it succeeds to his *Wish*,
Night but the other stood near and flew off with the *Fish*.

The MORAL.

*For their own Sakes it is, we find,
That Neighbours are to Neighbours kind.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

He that for *Int'rest*, *Friendship* does pretend,
Forfeits the Name and Virtue of a Friend.
The *Frank* and Gen'rous Man unguarded lies,
To Treach'rous *Knaves* and *Villains* in *Disguise*.
In such a *Case*, an open honest *Man*,
Can hardly 'scape an Artful *Rogue's* *Trapan*.
Men should be *wary*, but not *prepossest* ;
For *Charity* does always judge the *Best* :
Tho' he that's over *Credulous*, 'tis true.
Makes but himself a *Fest* and *Bubble* too.
From bare *Intentions* Men we cannot know,
Only their *Works* their *Probity* must shew,
As in the present *Instance* of the *CROW*.

F A B. XIII.

A Fox and a Raven.

A FOX did once a RAVEN spy,
 As he up to a Tree did fly,
 With something in his Bill:
 The Morfel made his Chops to water,
 But how to manage so the Matter
 To get it, cou'd not tell.

Oh blessed Bird, says he, who are
 To Gods and Men exceeding dear!
 And thus he sets him forth:
 Your Gift of Augury's so great,
 Your Plumas and Person so compleat,
 There's none can speak your Worth.

Now if your Voice, says he, agrees
 With all your other Qualities,
 (Ye Gods, ye know 'tis true!)
 The Sun in all the World below
 Could not another Creature show
 So excellent as You.

At this the *Fool*, to shew his *Skill*,
 Let fall the *Morsel* from his *Bill*,
 Which soon the *FOX* *Retains* ;
 Who told him, all was but a *Foke*,
 And tho' h' had of his *Beauty* spoke,
 H' had never nam'd his *Brains*.

THE MORAL.

FLATTERY's so smooth and soft a Bait,
 That most Men swallow the Deceit:
 For We Ourselves are always seen,
 In our own Favour overween ;
 But when apply'd to a vain Fool,
 Nothing in Nature's such a Tool.

REFLECTION.

Flatt'ry is here presented to our View,
 With both the *Danger* and the *Nature* too:
 The crafty *FOX* the *RAVEN* here *Cajoles*,
 As cunning *Knaves* do when they manage *Fools* ;
 Upon his *Beauty*, *Wit*, and *Plumes* dilates,
 Till the vain *Coxcomb* credits what he prates :

By which he shews not only want of *Sense*,
But *Self-Conceit* and solid *Impudence*.

Oh fatal *Power* of *Friendship* in *Disguise* !
By this the good Men fall, the *Villains* rise.
Kings are undone, and *Monarchies* destroy'd,
When *Flatt'ring Rogues* are *Trusted* and *Imploy'd* :
Not *Souls* nor *Bodies*, nor *Estates* are clear
Where *Treach'rous Rascals* have their *Prince's Ear* :
Nor is a private *Person* more secure,
That will a *Flatt'ring Parasite* endure.

The two great *Ends* of *Flattery* are these,
The thoughts of *Profit* and the hopes to please :
The one's too *Base*, too *Servile*, and too *Low*,
For Men of *Sense*, or Men of *Worth* to know ;
The others a poor *Mercenary Aim*,
None but *Buffoons* and *Merry Andrews* claim ;
Unless some dangerous *Villains* in *Disguise*,
Who play their *Tricks* to hide their *Rogueries*.

'Tis a great *Work*, and yet observ'd by few,
That to ourselves we should ourselves be true.
For *Self-Conceit*, *Hypocrisy* and *Pride*
By all to *Flattery* so near ally'd,

30 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

That till we tear those *Vultures* from our Breast,
Flatt'ry will still find *Room* among the *Rest*.

F A B. XIV.

An Old Lyon.

A LYON in his Youthful Days
Had been Outrag'ous many *Ways*,
His *Subjects* much oppress'd ;
Came, when his Strength was gone, to be
The *Emblem* of all *Misery*,
The *Scorn* of ev'ry *Beast*.

At length, with one *Consent*, they fall
Upon this *Monster* one and all,
So wretched was his *Case* :
But he of nothing so complain'd,
As when he found himself disdain'd,
And Kick'd at by an *Ass*.

The M^d And

The M O R A L.

*That Prince that does not Friends secure
 Whilst he hath both the Wealth and Power,
 When he grows Impotent and Old,
 Will then find Friendship very cold.
 He that in Youth doth Tyrannize,
 Men nat'rally in Age Despise;
 And the more Base his Haters be,
 The greater still their Cruelty.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*A noble Lesson this to Men in Power,
 That in their Greatness they their Friends secure,
 The Great Men when they fall, unpity'd drop,
 Unless their Reputation keep them up:
 And what's the worst and greatest Curse of all,
 The very Rabble Hunt them at their Fall.*

*Great Men, from this OLD LYON's Case
 may see,*

There's nothing free from Mutability.

Greatness is nothing but the Gift of Fate,

And Wisdom only can secure that State:

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A little while, and then comes on *Old Age*,
And makes the *Mighty Mortal* quit the Stage.
Only the *Conscience* of a *Life* well spent,
Can this OLD LYON's wretched *Fate* prevent.

Defenceless on his Death-bed here he lies,
Amidst a *Crowd* of cruel *Enemies* :
Stung in his *Thoughts* and *Tortur'd* with the *Guilt*
Of *Pride* and *Riot*, and the *Blood* h'has spilt;
With all his *Sins* and *Follies* in his view,
And all the *Ruins* of the *Guiltless* too,
He dies unpitied, as all *Tyrants* do.

F A B. XV.

An *Ass* and a *Whelp*.

A Gentleman a PUPPY had,
That play'd him pretty *Tricks*,
Still leaping on him he wou'd be,
And licking of his *Cheeks*.

An ASS about the House, that saw
The WHELP succeed so well,
Would needs this *wanton Humour* try,
And so to *Gamboles* fell.

But he was quickly made to know,
An ASS wan't fit for Sport,
And more, to shew the Diff'rence,
Was soundly Cudgell'd for't.

The M O R A L.

*People that by Examples go,
The Presidents shou'd fully know;
For things which some Men fit, we see,
Prepost'rous oft to others be.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

To Act a Fool requires a Man of Parts,
The Strength of Nature and the Help of Arts:
Your meer Buffoons so scandalous appear,
They're even below the Allegory here;
All Things they do are both so Dull and Rude,
As Human Shapes, they Brutal Minds conclude.

In all the *Creatures* of the *World* we find,
 Something peculiar still in ev'ry *Kind*,
 And therefore they most properly pursue,
 The Things that *Nat'ral Instinct* leads 'em to.
 Who follows *Nature* cannot go astray,
Nature will always lead us the right way ;
 Whilst those that Others strive to imitate,
 Expose themselves to this dull *A S S's Fate*.

F A B. XVI.

A *Lyon* and a *Mouse*.

A *MOUSE* in the *Wood* heard a *Beast* make a
 Noise,

And presently runs to find out the *Cause* :
 And seeing a *LYON* in a *Toyl* lie confin'd,
 She presently calls a past Favour to mind.

It seems that some *LYON* but few Days before,
 Had let her escape when she was in his *Pow'r*.
 Upon further *Enquiry* into th' *Matter*, she found
 That this was the *LYON* to whom she was *Bound*;

And

And so falls to work with her *Teeth* on the *Net*,
Till gratefully loose her *Deliv'rer* she set.

The M O R A L.

Void of Gratitude and Good Nature, //
Mankind is but a lonely Creature : //
No Subject is so mean and low, //
But for his Prince may something do. //
And all Men thro' the whole Creation //
For One Another have Occasion. //

R E F L E C T I O N.

Nothing's so little but that *Greatness* may,
Sooner or later, its *Assistance* pray;
And this a *Caution* to the *Great* shou'd be,
To shew their *Greatness* in their *Clemency*.
The *Golden Rule* remains; To *Others* do
The very same that you'd *have done to You*.
The *Lyon* spar'd the *Mouse*; the grateful *Mouse*,
In pure *Return*, sets her *Preserver* loose.
And who'd have thought a *MOUSE* shou'd have
the *Pow'r*
A *LION's* *Life* and *Freedom* to restore?

Yet

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Yet in the *Course* of things we often find
A world of great *Examples* of this kind.
'Tis *Fate* still throws the *Dice*, and as she flings,
Of *Kings* makes *Peasants*, and of *Peasants*, *Kings*:
Greatness and *Pow'r* to *Mortals* are but lent,
And what's *Decreed* e'en *Prudence* can't prevent.
Through *Wilds* of *Fate* *Mankind* is doom'd to run,
Is Great to Day, to Morrow is undone.

F A B. XVII.

A Sick Kite and her Mother.

SAYS a SICK KITE, *Mother*, give o're,
And grieve your self for me no more,
But to your *Prayers* fall.
Ah, says her Dam, how can I go
To any of the *Gods* for you,
Who've Robb'd their *Altars* all!

The M O R A L.

*The Conscience of a Life well spent,
Death's Horrors only can prevent :*

*Men therefore should not trust their Doom,
Till they upon their Death-beds come.*

REFLECTION.

Most of our *Modern Penitents*, like this KITE,
First they grow *Sick*, and then turn *Hypocrite*.
Whilst they in *Tortures* on their *Death-beds* lie,
Amidst their *Agonies* for *Prayers* they cry ;
Wrack'd with the *Terrors* of a *Life* ill spent,
Distracted, then they wou'd, but can't Repent.

How can *Repentance* at a time prevail,
When *Reason*, *Certainty* and *Vertue* fail ;
When *Mind* and *Body* in *Confusion* be,
And *Nature's Weak* and in an *Agony* ?
And yet, like this sick KITE, there are some *Men*,
Think *dying Prayers* will make up all again.
Such *Wretched Fools* their *Death* with *Horror* meet,
And think, with *Life* the greatest *Pains* are sweet.

F A B. XVIII.

A Swallow and other Birds.

A S a Country-Man once his Ground was a Sowing,
A SWALLOW discover'd what he was a
doing ;

And calling the Birds about her, says she,
Observe yonder Fellow, and hearken to me :

All the Nets and the Snares which most Fowlers use,
Are made of the Hemp and the Flax he now sows ;
Pick it up then, says she, lest Mischiefe ensue ;
But this they neglect, and so the Seed grew.

When it was in the Blade, says the SWALLOW,
in short,

If you'll all stir your Stumps, you may still spoil
their Sport ;

But finding that all she could say had no Pow'r,
She resolves to converse with such Creatures no more.
The Flax and the Hemp came in time to be wrought,
And she with the Nets saw some of them caught ;
Upon which they Reflect, but then 'twas too late,
For the Time was elaps'd, for preventing their Fate.

THE MORAL.

*Wise Men Effects by Causes see,
Which Fools believe can never be,
Until the Mischief falls upon 'em,
And their Delays have quite undone 'em.*

REFLECTION.

Many a time it has been our own *Case*,
To fear no *Danger* till it comes to pass.
Where *Pride* and *Selfconceit* with *Folly* reign,
Counsel is *Nonsense*, and *Advice* is vain.

The SWALLOW here the BIRDS advises twice,
The BIRDS as oft reject her good *Advice*;
The *Hemp* grows up, at length the *Nets* are made,
And they, like *Fools*, into the *Snares* betray'd.

Now what can all this better represent,
Than *Seeds of Plots* to ruine *Government*?
The *Statesmen*, who for *Cautions* are too Great,
Like these vain BIRDS, but one another cheat;

The

40 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

The *Seeds of Faction*, like these *Hemp-Seeds*, grow,
Till they at length the *Kingdom* overthrow.

F A B. XIX.

The **Frogs** chuse a **King**.

WHEN the FROGS in the *Lakes* at their
Liberty liv'd,
Grown weary with *Ease*, they for *Government* griev'd;
So to Grant them a KING, they to *Jupiter* go,
Fit *Methods* and *Rules* and *Distinctions* to show.
The *God*, who so well their *Vanity* knew,
A *Log* with Contempt for their *Governor* threw;
Which upon the first *Dash* so frightened them all,
That into the *Mud* the whole *Mobile* crawl:
This aw'd them a while, till a desp'rate FROG
Took Courage at length, and look'd on the *Log*;
Who having discover'd the *State* of their *King*,
He call'd to his *Fellows*, and told them the thing:
Then to *Ride* on their *Prince* they resolve one and all,
And nothing wou'd serve, but to *Tumults* they fall.

This

This *King* was too *Tame*, so to *Jove* they repair,
 To send them another more harsh and severe.
 He granted their Suit, and the better to school 'em;
 He sent them a *Stork* or a *Serpent* to Rule 'em;
 Which it was of the *Two*, our *Authors* don't say,
 But 'twas *One* that soon made his new *Subjects* a
Prey :

So hard was their *Case*, that they *Mercury* send,
 To Beg of the *God* to be once more their *Friend*,
 And to send them a *King* more *Gentle* and *Mild*,
 Whose *Answer* was this, They must rest *Reconcil'd*.
 Those that will not be satisfy'd when they are well,
 When things go amiss shou'd never *Rebel*.
 Tis better for *People* to rest where they are,
 Than it is to go farther and meet with worse *Fare*.

The M O R A L.

The Mobile uneasy are
With or without a Ruler's Care :
And as by all Accounts we see,
The more they Shift the worse they be.
Whether they've Government or none,
Or Kings of God's Make or their Own,

Or

*Or whether neither Law nor King,
The Multitude's the self-same Thing.*

REFLECTION.

The giddy *Vulgar*, like these FROGS, are still
Murm'ring for *Change*, and will because they will.
A *King* they want, and when they've got a *King*,
They Scorn him, he's so *Dull a Foolish Thing*;
They'll have Another, and Another too,
And thus their own Destruction they pursue.

Mad are their *Motions*, changeable as *Wind*,
No Laws can guide 'em, nor no Reason bind:
From *Bad* to *Worse*, from *Worse* to *Worst* of all,
They headlong drive till they have *Ruin'd* all.

F A B. XX.

The **Kite**, **Hawk** and **Pidgeons**.

THE PIDGEONS by the KITE Opprest,
 Protection from the HAWK Request,
 Who did, by ten to one,
 Make greater Havock in a Day
 Than, if the KITE had bore the sway,
 Could in a Year have done:

The M O R A L.

*It shews a People's Folly when
 They trust themselves to powerful Men;
 Or for the Noise of Two or Three,
 Hazard a whole Community.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Hard is the Fate of Countries in Distress,
 When they are forc'd to use their Enemies.
 Who from a Treach'rous Friend Protection craves,
 Forfeits his Reason and himself Enslaves.

This

44 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

This *World* is but a *Labyrinth* of *Woe*,
Which all *Mankind* is doom'd to struggle thro';
And he that's *Discontented* with his *State*,
Deserves at least to share the **PIDGEONS** *Fate*.
How many restless *Blockheads* may we see
Fatigu'd with *Ease*, *Mad* for *Variety*?
Who, by Opinion, judge and censure *Kings*,
And vainly fear inevitable *Things*;
And, like these **PIDGEONS**, to secure their *Rights*,
Join with the **HAWKS** to guard them from the
KITES.

F A B. XXI.

A Dog and a Thief.

A Gang of **THIEVES** upon a Time
To break a House Essay'd;
A **MASTIFF** taking the *Alarm*,
With all his Power Bay'd.

One

One of the ROBBERS spoke him fair,

And try'd him with a *Crust* :

No, says the DOG, that will not do

For many Reasons : *First*,

I'll take none of your *Roguish Bribes*,

My *Master* to *Betray*;

And next, not for your piece of *Bread*

Give all I have away.

The M O R A L.

Presents, fair Words, and *Flatt'ry* be

The surest Baits of Treachery :

They both in Courts and Cots succeed,

Where DOGS are of the truer Breed.

R E F L E C T I O N.

All prudent Men those artful *Knaves* suspect,

Who on a sudden change their *Dialect*,

and speak the *Language* of this THIEF, to try

The fatal Power of *Bribes* and *Flatt'ry*.

The honest MASTIFF here rejects the *Crust*,

for won't be *Wheedl'd* to *Betray* his *Trust*.

46 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

A noble *Emblem* this, and fit to show
What all *Mankind* should for their *Masters* doe.

How does the DOG's *Example* here-reprove,
Those that for *Gain* their *Masters* only love.
Base, *Mercenary Wretches* ! who for *Gold*,
Their *God*, their *Country*, and their *King* have sold !
Who *fawn* and *flatter* while the *Tide* prevails,
But shift with ev'ry veering *Blast* their *Sails* !

F A B. XXII.

A **W**olf and a **S**ow.

TO a great-belly'd SOW a WOLF was so kind
To offer to *Nurse* her, if She had a *Mind* :
The SOW, in Return, thanks the WOLF for her
Favour ;

But told her, 'twas best at a *Distance* to have her.

The M O R A L.

No Snares so Dang'rous as those,
Men under Friendship's Name propose.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Knaves, like this WOLF, to *Friendship* may pretend,

But he's a *Fool* that makes a *Knave* his *Friend*.

The SOW's a proper *Emblem* in this *Matter*,
Who judg'd a WOLF unfit to Nurse her *Litter*.

F A B. XXIII.

A Mountain in Labour.

When a MOUNTAIN's in *Labour*, the *People* expect,

That some *Wondrous Production* shou'd answer
th' Effect.

Now this was the *Case* ; the *Neighbourhood* all
Were at their *Wits Ends*, to think what shou'd befall,
And what in the End did this *Labour* produce,
But instead of a *Monster*, a *Ridiculous Mouse* ?

The MO-

The MORAL.

*In many Instances, we see,
Men about Nothing troubled be.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

This *Fable's Emblem* truly represents,
What *Fools* Men are to hanker for *Events* :
Whose *Hopes* and *Fears* are always in *Extreams*,
Or want *Connection*, like a sick Man's *Dreams*.

F A B. XXIV.

An *Ass* and an *Ungrateful
Master*.

AN ASS that had wasted his whole *Life* and
Strength,
To serve a hard Master, had the ill hap at length
To make a false Step, and fall under his Load ;
For which being cruelly maul'd with a Goad,

Alas!

Alas says the ASS, how hard is our Lot,
For a Casual Slip, all we have done is forgot!

F A B. XXV.

An Old Dog and his Master.

A DOG that in his youthful days,
Had serv'd his Master many ways,
And led him many a Chase;
Losing at last his Strength and Speed,
Blows and Reproaches soon succeed,
And nothing but Disgrace.

Says the poor wornout CUR, alas,
My Will's as good as ever 'twas,
Tho' all my Vigour's Spent;
And you as well may Hang your CUR,
Because he's Old, as Beat him Sir,
Because he's Impotent.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

Affection *and* Fidelity,
Pth' t'other World Rewards *must* see,
In this we only have the Sense,
Of doing well for Recompence.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Th' *ungrateful Man* may in these *Fables* see
 Two *Emblems* of exalted *Cruelty*:
 The *ASS* and *DOG* both faithful *Servants* were,
 And both perform'd their *Duty* in their *Sphere*,
 Till in their *Master's Services* at length,
 They lose their *Youth* their *Vigour* and their *Strength*,
 And as the *Nat'ral Consequence* of that,
 They're soon *Despis'd*, *Neglected* and *Forgot*.

Now what can more *Reprove ungrateful Men*,
 That *Good Old Servants* for their *Age* Contemn:
 And what a *Wretched Creature* too is *He*,
 That serves a *Man* of such *Barbarity*.
 But 'tis become the *Way o'th' World* of late,
 We are no sooner *Old* but out of *Date*,

And

And like this ASS and DOG *Revil'd* and *Beat*,
When we no longer can assist the *Great*.

F A B. XXVI.

An *Ass* an *Ape* and a *Mole*.

AN ASS and an APE most sadly Bewail
That *One* wanted *Horns* and the *Other* a
Tail.

A MOLE that stood by to the *Blockheads* Replies,
For shame hold your *Tongues*, and thank *Heaven*
you have *Eyes*.

F A B. XXVII.

The *Hares* and the *Frogs*.

THE HARES on a time fell into *Debate*,
What was proper to do to better their
State.

Says One of the *Wiseſt* we are day after day
To *Eagles* and *Men* and most *Vermin* a Prey:

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From *Danger* and *Frights* we never are free,
 Infomuch I must own it appeareth to me,
 It is better to die once for all, than to live
 In a *State* that such daily *Disturbance* doth give.
 This *Motion* thus made to *Debating* they fall
 And quickly *Resolve* to *Drown* themselves all.
 And the *Vote* was no sooner pass'd into an *Act*,
 But to the next *Lake* in a *Body* thy *Pack'd*.

A great shoal of FROGS knowing nothing o'th'
Matter,
 Being scar'd at the hurry leap'd into the *Water* :
 Upon which says a HARE, One o'th' Cheifs of the
Breed,
 Pray let us consider before we proceed.
 I find our Condition is not so much worse,
 Since We can fright *Others*, as *Others* fright us.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

With Providence there's no contending,
Since Its Decrees are past our mending.
He that made us doubtless knew,
What was most fit for us to doe :
And ev'ry Man's own Lot is best,
If he but manage well the Rest.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Such is the State of *wretched Mortals* here;
 They know not what to hope or what to fear!
 Uneasy at their Lot, for *Change* they thirst,
 And still their own *Condition* is the worst.
 Why am I thus and thus? is the grand Cry;
 And why expos'd to this *Calamity*?

Look round, *Vain Man*, and thou wilt quickly see
Millions and *Millions* worse by far than thee:
 And then if thou hast *Gratitude* or *Sense*,
 Wilt cease to blame the *Acts* of *Providence*.
 For *Men* as well may *Heavenly Motions* blame,
 As hope to mend or alter their own *Frame*.

There's not an *Atome* in the whole *Creation*,
 But is design'd its just and proper *Station*.
 What *Madness* is it then for us to strive
 For what is not in *Nature's Power* to give?
 The ASS wants *Horns*, the APE wou'd have a *Tail*,
 The silly HARES at their *Condition Rail*.
 Thus 'tis with Men who foolishly *Request*
 For hurtful Things, or useless at the best.

The MOLE indeed, tho' *Comfortless* and *Blind*,
Has left a *noble Precept* for *Mankind*
To be in all *Conditions* still *Resign'd*.

As if she'ad said, Wou'd you in quiet move?
Leave your *Complaints* to those that *Rule Above*;
Trust them to manage, and they'll surely Grant
What their unerring *Wisdom* see you want.

F A B. XXVIII.

A Wolf, Kid and a Goat.

A GOAT one Morning going out,
First to her KID this Caution put :
Till my *Return* don't for your *Skin*
Let One without a Beard come in.

The GOAT scarce out of sight was got,
But to the *Door* a WOLF comes up ;
And changing of her Wolfish Tone,
Says she, My Dear, your Mother's come.
The KID, who smelt the *Roguery*,
If you can shew your *Beard*, says she,
The *Door* shall quickly open be.

The MORAL.

*There ne'er was yet Hypocrisy
Without some Mark to know it by.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Here Prudence, Caution, and Obedience join
To circumvent the crafty WOLF's Design.
In all th'Accounts of Human Life we see,
That false *Pretensions* most *Destructive* be;
And had this *Kid* her *Mother* *Disobey'd*,
'Tis a plain *Case*, that she had been *Betray'd*.

F A B. XXIX.

A Dog, a Sheep, and a Wolf.

A DOG 'gainst a SHEEP brought an Action
o'th' Case,
For some Measures of Wheat he had lent him time
past.

56 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

This DOG of a PLANTIFF brought the WOLF
and the KITE,

And the *Vulture*, who swore that the Matter was
Right.

The *Defendant* is Cast, and to answer the Cost,
To part with the Wool from his Back he is forc'd.

The M O R A L.

*When Men are to be taken off,
What need is there of Law or Proof?
Or why shou'd the poor Prisoner Plead,
When Judge and Jury are Agreed?*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*Wisdom and Virtue are but weak Defence
Gainst Subornation and false Evidence:
When WOLVES and VULTURES Witnesses
are made,
The harmless SHEEP must be in course Betray'd.
Oh wretched Country, where such Vermin are
In Courts of Justice suffer'd to appear.*

F A B. XXX.

A Countryman and a Snake.

U Nder the *Threshold* of a *Door*
A SNAKE once made *Its Bed* ;
On which a *Child* o'th' *Family*
Had the *Mishap* to tread.

The *Vermin* Bit him and he dy'd :
The *Father* to *Atone*,
Struck at the SNAKE, but miss'd his *Aim*,
And only mark'd the *Stone*.

After some time the COUNTRYMAN
Would needs be *Friends* again :
No, says the SNAKE, not whilst this *Flaw*,
Or *Thoughts* o'th' *Child* remain.

The M O R A L.

In *Friendship* and *Fidelity*
We cannot over tender be ;

But

But shou'd Distinguish ne'ertheless
 Twixt Charity and Easiness.
 New Converts are but Slippery Ware,
 Therefore we should not Trust too far.

REFLECTION.

He runs a dang'rous Risk, presumes to trust
 The Man (tho' reconcil'd) h'has found unjust.
 Deep in his Breast the Seeds of Malice lie,
 And he is still his Secret Enemy.

'Tis Gen'rous to Forgive, but he's a Fool
 Forgives so oft till he becomes a Tool.

When on too easy Terms Men Pardons find,
 It makes 'em to Affronts but more inclin'd :
 Ungrateful Men no Obligations bind.
 Upon the whole, this COUNTRYMAN and
 SNAKE,
 In both respects a useful Emblem make.
 The COUNTRYMAN's too easy to forgive,
 The SNAKE suspects the Truth and won't believe:
 I've done him Wrong, says she, and kill'd his Child;
 How can this easy Fool be Reconcil'd?

Nor will I trust his *Friendship*, till I see
 Some better Marks of his *Sincerity* ;
 And this a *Rule* to all *Mankind* shou'd be.

F A B. XXXI.

A *Fox* and a *Stork*.

A *FOX* and a *STORK* were once grown so
Great,

That the *FOX* invited him home to a *Treat* ;
 But beforehand so cunningly order'd his *Matters*,
 All his *Soops* were brought up in *flat-bottom'd*
Platters :

The *FOX* fell to Lapping, and banter'd his *Guest*,
 You're heartily welcome, says he, to my *Feast*.

The *STORK* found the *Trick*, and to answer
 the *Bite*,

The *FOX* must needs sup with him the same *Night*.

The *Collation* was brought in long-necked *Glasses*,
 Fill'd full of good *Meat*, with *Delicate Sawces* :

Come come, says the *STORK*, my good *Friend*,
 do not spare,

You're as welcome as I am, if you like the *Fare*.

The

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The FOX saw the *Cheat*, yet could not but allow;
He was serv'd in his *Kind* for *His Treatment* but now;

The M O R A L.

The Liberties of Conversation,
Admit a Jest upon Occasion ;
At least allow a Rowland for,
In ev'ry Case, an Oliver,
Provided nothing's done exceeding
The Rules of Honour and good Breeding.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Thus oft the *Droll* and the *Buffoon*, we see,
The Subjects made of their own *Mockery* :
The *Jest* turns round, and those that *Others* mock,
Are commonly *Themselves* the *Laughing-Stock*,
And what can look more silly than a *Cheat*,
That's over-match'd at his own *Game*, and *Beat* ?

F A B. XXXII.

A Fox and a Carv'd Head.

A FOX among some *Figures* found
A very fine CARV'D HEAD,

And after having view'd it well,

Thus to himself he said:

What Pity 'tis this fair *Outside*

Nothing *within* contains,

And that so Exquisite a Head

Shou'd want an Ounce of Brains!

The M O R A L.

The Barber or the Taylor can

Add nothing to the Inward Man;

Nor is it a new thing to see

Heads finely wrought, yet Senseless be.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Fools may have *Titles* and a fair *Outside*,
 But still those *Blessings* are but ill *Apply'd*:
 Their Want of *Sense* makes *ÆSOP's Emblem* good,
 A fine CARV'D HEAD is but a Piece of *Wood*.

F A B. XXXIII.

A Daw and Borrow'd Feathers.

A DAW who strove to be a *Beau*,
 That he might make the greater *Show*,
Gay Feathers needs wou'd wear;
 And strutting in these BORROW'D PLUMES,
 The Fool to *Pride* himself *Presumes*,
 'Bove all the *Birds* o'th' *Air*.

This *Haughtiness*, with one *Consent*,
 The *Birds* and *Fowls* so far *Resent*,
 That they to *Scip* him fall;

And

And when each Bird had him bereft
Of his own FEATHER, Nothing's left
To Cover him withal.

The M O R A L.

*Whilst Men with One Another deal,
They Wit as well as Feathers steal;
But Pride and Beggary when join'd,
Ridiculous make all Mankind.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

All Things are best, and all Men happiest too,
Who keep the Path where Nature bids them go.
Nature's the surest Guide, and only DAWs,
Or Senseless Affes wou'd invert her Laws.

This DAW's Allusion, with the BORROW'D
PLUMES,

Extends to ev'ry Fool too much Presumes;
Reproves all vain Pretenders, but the most,
Those that set up upon Another's Cost.

F A B. XXXIV.

An Ant and a Fly.

SAYS the ANT to the FLY which begun the
Debate,

Is there any thing either in *Pleasure* or *State*,
 But I have my Share on't ? And do you not see,
 All *Temples* and *Palaces* open to me ?
 I *Tast* with the *Gods*, and with *Princes* am free.
 I am serv'd all in *Plate* ; What I drink or I eat,
 Is the *Richest* of *Wine*, and the *Choicest* of *Meat* :
 I trample on *Crowns*, and, as oft as I please,
 I kiss *Ladies Lips* ; and all this with *Ease*.
 Now what can You say to such *Blessings* as these ?

You *Vapour* and *Boast*, says the ANT, of your
Feasts,

Where you meerly *Intrude* your self for a *Guest*.
 You're a *Plague* to the *People* wherever you come,
 And as fast as they catch you, they send you short
 Home.

Your

Your *Breath's* full of *Maggots*, and the *Kisses* you
Boast

Smell Rank of the *Dunghil* from whence you came
last.

I live on my own, and with *Labour* and *Care*,
The *Wants* of the *Winter* in *Summer* prepare;
Whilst all your whole *Life* is only a *Cheat*,
And one half o'th' Year yo've Nothing to *Eat*.

The M O R A L.

Industry here and Luxury,
Both in their proper Dress you see:
Of one the Scandalous Excess,
Of th' other the Advantages.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Virtue, the noble *Cause* for which we're made;
Here in th' *Emblem* of the ANT's display'd:
On th' other hand, the *Ostentatious* FLY,
Shews us a *Life* of *Pride* and *Vanity*.

Happy the Men, that like this ANT despise
The *Lazy Greatness* of *Luxurious* FLIES;

That

That on their *Own* in *Peace* and *Quiet* live,
Still thanking *Heav'n* for what 'tis pleas'd to give.

Unvex'd by *Factions*, undisturb'd with *Noise*,
The honest virtuous Man his *Life* Enjoys,
Whilst the vain Fop, with *Danger* and *Disgrace*,
Flutters about, and *Shirks* from *Place* to *Place*;
Braggs of his *Pleasures*, Boasts of mighty Things,
Of *Ladies Favours* and the *Ears* of *Kings*;
Prattles of deep *Intrigues*, pretends to know
How all th' *Affairs* in *Church* and *State* will go.
Now who can hear such *Vile Intruders* lie,
Without the *ANT's Reflections* on the *FLY*?

F A B. XXXV.

A Frog and an Ox.

AS an over-grown OX in a *Meadow* was
Grazing,

An Envious old FROG stood by him a *Gazing*;
She calls to her *Young Ones*, says she, Do you see
That *Monstrous Beast*? I'll be *Bigger* than He.

So to *Straining* the fell, and herself so much *Forc'd*,
That in the *Conclusion* she *Swell'd* till she *Burst*.

The M O R A L.

By Envy, Pride, and dire Ambition,
Men swell too big for their Condition;
And still to swell themselves will try,
Till they at last in Pieces fly.

R E F L E C T I O N.

This *Emblem* lashes Those that will pretend,
With Men of twenty times their *Worth*, to spend;
The *Man* that *Vies* with those above his *Strength*,
Like this proud FROG, must *Burst* himself at length.

F A B. XXXVI.

An *Ass* and a *Wolf*.

AN ASS that had gotten a *Thorn* in his *Foot*;
Thought a *WOLF* with his *Teeth* cou'd
best draw it out.

The

68 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

The *Thorn* was drawn out, and the ASS for his
Pains,
Gave his *Surg'on* a *Kick* almost dash'd out his
Brains.

F A B. XXXVII.

A Horse and a Lyon.

There was of old a hungry LYON,
That some good *Horse-Flesh* had his *Eye* on,
But knowing that the NAG was swift,
Resolves to try another *Shift*.

He puts himself into the *Dress,*
Of One that *Physick* did Profess;
And more to make him prize his *Knowledge,*
Told him that he belong'd to th' *College* ;
And then lets fall a Word or two,
The Manner of his *Trade* to shew.
The HORSE soon smelt out his *Design,*
And Plots him thus to *Countermine.*

Some

Some Days ago, I chanc'd to get,
 Says he, a *Thorn* into my Foot,
 The Pain of which torments me yet.
 Oh, says the *Doctor*, if that's all,
 Hold up your *Leg*, I'll ease your *Thrall*.

The *LYON*, without more to do,
 Prepares his Office to pursue;
 But here the *Patient* was too quick,
 And gave the *Doctor* such a *Kick*,
 That at full length he lay for dead,
 And so unhurt away he fled.

The M O R A L of the Two Fables.

Harm watch Harm catch, *we often see*
A common Rule in Enquiry :
And who to Cheat the Cheater's able,
Does only what is Warrantable.

R E F L E C T I O N.

He that will trust a *Foe* in a *Disguise*,
 Subjects himself to all his *Rogueries*.

When

70 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

When Men suspect false *Play*, 'tis then their Part
To circumvent the *Trick* with *Counter-Art* ;
Provided always that it manag'd be
Without the *Breach* of *Faith* and *Honesty*.
Self-Preservation in the HORSE and ASS
Is what may be allow'd in any *Case*.

F A B. XXXVIII.

A Horse and an Ass.

IN Times heretofore, when HORSES and ASSES
Spoke *Latin* and *Greek*, and could *Reason* of
Cases,

An *Encounter* once happen'd 'twixt a HORSE on
the *Road*

And a poor creeping ASS sinking under his *Load*.

Why how now, you *Slave*, says the HORSE, don't
you see

By these *Arms*, and these *Trappings*, whose *Servant*
I be?

And d'ye not know, when my *Master* is there,
The *Weight* of the *State* on my *Shoulders* I bear?

Get

Get you out of the *Track*, or I'll tread thee to *Dirt*,
Like an *Insolent, Scandalous Slave* as thou art.

At this the poor *ASS* flunk out of the *Way*,
But then had the *Folly* and *Malice* to say ;

Oh! what would I give, could I change but my State
With this happy Creature, and live at his Rate!

This *Fancy* continu'd in his *Head* all along,
Till he saw the same *Horse* in a *Cart* drawing *Dung*.
Why how now, *Old Friend*, says the *ASS*, how
comes this?

By the pure *Chance of War*, says th' *Other*, so 'tis ;
I have been in a *Battle* along with my *Master*,
And there being *Maim'd* am thus fall'n to *Disaster*.

The M O R A L.

Of Pride, the Folly and the Fate,
The Blessings of a mean Estate ;
With what is not, and what's our own,
Are briefly in this Fable shown.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Now what a *Lesson's* here for those *Mad Fools*,
At *Other's Greatness*, who *Torment* their *Souls* !

By

72 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

By an *Exalted State* we only gain,
To be more wretched and the more in pain :
Pleasure nor *Wine* can't drown the *Great Man's* Cares,
Nor *Mirth*, nor *Musick*, over-noise his *Fears* ;
Only the *Blessings* of a *Middle State*,
Can help a little to allay our *Fate*.

How wretched are we then, who seldom know
To bear high *Fortune*, or endure a low !
Urg'd on by *Envy*, *Arrogance* and *Pride*,
Ourselves against ourselves we still *Divide*,
Without consid'ring, what is always true,
By suff'ring well *Misfortunes* we subdue.

A brave unshaken *Temper*, and a *Mind*
Inur'd to *Danger*, and to *Fate* *Resign'd*,
No *State* can alter, nor no *Objects* blind.

Wou'd Men the *brittle State* of *Things* survey,
'Twou'd both their *Envy* and their *Pride* allay.
By want of *Judgment*, or by want of *Thought*,
Most of the *Ills* in *Human Life* are wrought :
Men do not, or at least they will not see
The strange *Effects* of *Mutability*,

Of which the *Moral* in the *Fable* here
Gives a strong *Proof* as *Words* or *Sense* can bear.

The ASS grows *Mad* to see his *Fellow Beast*
With *Arms* and *Trappings* for the *Battle Drest* :
Oh ! could I but Conditions charge (says *He*)
With this fine Horse, how happy should I be !
And thus he *Rav'd*, until at length he *spy'd*
This *HORSE* *Reduc'd*, and to a *Dung-Cart ty'd*. }
A wretched Emblem of exalted Pride !

F A B. XXXIX.

A Bat and Weasel.

A WEASEL seizing of a BAT,
The BAT for *Mercy* cries:

No, no, says she, I spare no Birds;

To which the BAT replies.

I am no *Bird*, as you may see,

In short I am a *Mouse* :

On which the WEASEL said no more,

But set her *Captive* loose.

74 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

This very BAT soon after this
Another Weasel *Seiz'd*,
And here again she's forc'd to Beg
That she might be *Releas'd*:

No, no, says she, I'll *save* no *Mouse*;
Says t'other, I'm a *Bird*:
And so in both *Capacities*
The *Trimming* BAT is Spar'd.

F A B. XL.

A Bat, Birds and Beasts.

W HEN once the BIRDS and BEASTS fell out,
And a most bloody *Battle Fought*,
The BAT stood *Neuter*, till she found
The BEASTS were like to gain the Ground;
Then to the *Stronger Side* she flew,
As in most Cases Trimmers do.
But afterwards it so fell out,
The BIRDS their *Broken Troops Recruit*,
And carry'd, in their Turn, the Day:
That then to them she made her Way,
Where

Where she by *Martial Law* was Try'd
 For going o'er to t'other Side;
 Banish'd and Stript, and in the End,
 Never to see the Day, condemn'd.

F A B. XLI.

An Ostrich, Birds and Beasts.

THE *Creature*, an OSTRICH, has the common
Repute,

To be one half a BIRD, and th'other half BRUTE.
 This *Amphibious Wretch* was twice the same Day,
 In a *Fight* 'twixt the BIRDS and the BEASTS,
 made a Prey:

They severally took him, for he *Fought* against Both,
 But neither could tell which *Side* he was of.

The BIRDS wou'd have prov'd him a BEAST if
 they cou'd,

And the BEASTS for a BIRD the *Creature* Pursu'd:
 But neither cou'd fix him, so *Amphibious* was He;
 For tho' he seem'd both, yet neither cou'd be.

The MORAL of the three Fables above.

*Trimming is sometimes foul, but then
At other times 'tis fair agen.*

*In many Instances we see,
To Trim there's a Necessity:
But then in this requires our Skill
To find out when 'tis Good or Ill.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Three diff'rent *Meanings* these three *Fables* have,
But all condemn the *Shuffling Trimming Knave*:
The Bat i'th' *Weasel's Claw* was not to blame
To save her *Life* altho' she chang'd her Name; }
Many an honest Man has done the same: }
In such a *Case* a *Man's* allow'd some *Grains*,
Provided *Truth* and *Honour* he *Retains*.

But next the NEUTRAL BAT a *Trimmer* shows,
That leaves his *Sinking Friends*, and joins their *Foes*:
A downright, base, ungrateful, gen'ral *Regue*;
And yet there's some of these are still in vogue.

Oh

Oh! may I live to see them meet the *Fate*,
That justly fell to this perfidious BAT.

Then for the OSTRICH, 'tis a diff'rent Case,
He *Fought*, and in the *Battle* taken was:
He had a *Trimmers Shape*, but not his *Heart*,
And was brought off by *Nature* more than *Art*:
In such a Case the *Meaning* and the *Will*,
Make the *Aggressors*, and procure the *Ill*.

F A B. XLII.

A ~~W~~OLF and a FOX.

A WOLF had a mind to take his *Repose*,
So stores up *Provisions* and kept himself close:
Says the FOX, Why my *Friend*, why where have
You been?

'Tis many a Day since You have been seen.
That's true, says the WOLF, I have been very Ill;
Pray give me your *Pray'rs*, for so I am still.
The FOX had a *Fetch* in't, but finding his *Sham*
Wou'd not pass on the WOLF, to a *Shepherd* he
came,

78 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

And told him that he a WOLF might Surprise:
 He took his Advice, and the VERMIN Destroy:
 Which no sooner was done, but the FOX, as next Heir,
 To seize on his Stores, to his Cell does Repair:
 But He did not long enjoy what he'd got,
 Before, like the WOLF, He Himself went to Pot.

The M O R A L.

Sharppers, like Pikes, we often find
 Will Bite and Prey on their own Kind.
 When Thieves fall out with One Another,
 'Tis but one Di'mond cutting t'other.

R E F L E C T I O N.

An Envious Man can never happy be;
 He is the World's and his own Enemy;
 And all wise Men avoid his Company.
 This Fable shews the Danger and the Fate,
 That on Himself and his Companions wait.
 The WOLF upon the FOX has a Design,
 The crafty FOX the WOLF does Countermine;
 Two Knaves well match'd! At last the Shepherd came,
 Destroy'd them both, and so concludes the Game.

F A B. XLIII.

A Stag Drinking.

ON the Bank of a River as a STAG stood a
Drinking,

He spy'd his own *Image*, and then fell a *Thinking*.
Now, says he, if my *Shanks* were but made like
my *Head*,

How I might defy all the *Foes* I now *Dread*.

The Words were scarce past, but he happen'd to *Spy*
A large *Pack* of *Dogs* coming t'wards him full *Cry* :

At this off he *Scours*, and his *Heels* being good,

He *Casts* off the *Hounds* and *Recovers* a *Wood* :

But pressing thro' *Bushes*, by the *Horns* he is held,

Till the *Huntsmen* and *Dogs* came in, and he's *Kill'd*.

The M O R A L.

*The Man that is so mere an Elf,
That he don't truly know himself;
No wonder but his Judgment's lost
In Matter's that concern him most.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Thus *Men* are often guilty of *Mistake* ;
 The *Good* for *Bad*, the *Bad* for *Better* take ;
 By *wild Fantastick Notions* overfway'd,
 Till, like this *STAG*, to *Ruin* they're *Betray'd*.

He that would know himself must *Inward* look,
 And often *Read* and *Study Nature's Book*.

F A B. XLIV.

A Snake and a File.

A SNAKE into a *Smith's Shop* got,
 And needs would Lick a FILE ;
 And tho' her Blood had made it hot,
 Kept *Licking* all the while.

She fancy'd 'twas the FILE that Bled,
 And she was in the *Right* ;
 But when she found out her *Mistake*,
 Then next she fell to *Bite*.

But

But finding that the FILE was Proof
 'Gainst both her Teeth and Tongue,
 She thought it proper to leave off,
 Since she was in the wrong.

The M O R A L.

To Snap and Bite for Biting sake,
 Shews Men as foolish as this SNAKE:
 And those that thus indulge their Spite,
 Oftner themselves than others Bite.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Some Men in Hurting Others feel no Pain,
 Altho' the Hurt turns on themselves again:
 This is the Case when Spiteful Fools will try
 To Snarle and Bite, and Kick at Those too high.
 Such only, like the SNAKE that Bit the FILE,
 Break their own Teeth, suck their own Blood the
 while.

F A B. XLV.

A *League* between the **Wolves**
and the **Sheep**.

WHen with the WOLVES the SHEEP
Wag'd War,

The DOGS being their *Allies*,
In most *Encounters* they O'ermatch'd
And *Beat* their *Enemies* :

On which the WOLVES propose to *Treat*,
And till they made the *Peace*,
Both *Parties* gave their *Hostages*
Hostilities should cease.

The SHEEP on their part sent the *Dogs*,
Their best and only *Helps* :
The crafty WOLVES on their part sent
For *Hostages*, their *Whelps*.

Now

But while the *Treaty* was on *Foot*,
The *Whelps* to *Howling* fall:
On which *Pretence*, the Subtle WOLVES
Cry'd, *Treason ! Treason !* all.

And then fell foul upon the SHEEP,
Who, wanting of their *Guard*,
Were forc'd, for their *Improvvidence*,
To pay a Just *Reward*.

The M O R A L.

'Tis *senseless* to the last Degree
To *hope* for Peace or Amity,
Or t'enter into Leagues with those
Whom Nature has ordain'd our Foes.
Besides, a Foolish Peace is far
More Dang'rous than a bloody War.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Here in the *Emblem* of the SHEEP we see,
How dang'rous 'tis to trust an *Enemy*.
No *Treaties* can be Safe where *Mortal Foes*,
For their *Advantage*, their own *Terms* propose.

Treaties

Treaties are set on foot, and *Leagues* are made
By *Crafty Statesmen* in their *Way of Trade* ;
Truces, *Cessations*, and a *World of Form*,
And all perhaps but to divert a *Storm*.

But this is no new *Thing*; alas! we see
Daily *Examples* of this *Treachery*.
Like these false *WOLVES*, there's some deceitful
Men

All *Rules* of *Justice* and of *Law* condemn :
To gain their *Point* they stick at no *Design* ;
Cajole, *Trepan*, *Betray* and *Undermine*.

F A B. XLVI.

An *Ax* and a *Forest*.

A Fellow with an *AX's* Head
To the next *FOREST* went,
To beg a *Handle*, and for that
He quickly got *Consent*.

This

This *Matter* at the first seem'd small;
 But when the *Trees* had found,
 That by this *Handle's* Help they were
 All doom'd to be cut down.

There is no *Remedy*, they cry'd,
 But *Patience*, when we are
 By our own *Folly* thus undone,
 And led into a *Snare*.

F A B. XLVII.

A *Tree* and a *Wedge*.

AS a Man to make WEDGES was cutting a
 TREE,

Says the TREE, How extremely Afflicted I be?
 Nor is it so much I complain of the *Ax*,
 As it is of the *Man* that the *Business* transacts;
 And what is a *Torment* too great to be born,
 By the *Fruit* of my *Body* in *Pieces* I'm torn!

F A B. XLVIII.

The Eagle and Arrow.

AS an EAGLE was watching for a *Hare* on a
Rock,

By an ARROW, that bore her own *Feathers*, she's
struck;

Which Misfortune, she said, by twenty to one,
Went nearer her Heart than her *Death* would have
done.

F A B. XLIX.

A Thrush taken with Birdlime.

TWas once the *Fate* of a poor THRUSH,
With other *Birds* upon a *Bush*,
With *Lime-Twigs* to be caught ;

On which she sadly thus *Reflects*,
One of this BIRDLIME's chief *Effects*
From my own *Guts* is brought.

Not half so much, says the poor *Bird*,
Am I tormented and disturb'd

To think that I shall die,
As I am troubled when I find,
'Tis by the *Gods* and *Fate* *Design'd*
My Self shou'd *Ruin Me*.

The MORAL of the Four Fables above.

Nothing in his Misfortunes can
So nearly Touch and Wound a Man,
As when he finds he is undone
By Things or Follies of his own.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Most of the Ills in human *Life* are wrought
Thro' want of *Judgment*, or thro' want of *Thought* :
Men, without looking, blindly blunder on,
And rarely stop to *Think* till they're undone.

The FOREST, without thinking, *Grants* the
Clown

A *Handle* for his *AX* to Cut it down :

E'en

88 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

E'en so our Modern Fools they never *Think*,
Till they are just upon Destruction's *Brink*.

'Tis true, some *Things* in *Nature* secret lie,
Too close for *Wisdom's* or *Precaution's* Eye :
But this can no good *Argument* *Advance*,
To prove we ought to *Speak* and *Act* by chance.

The *Emblems* of the THRUSH and EAGLE
show,

That *Men* are both by *Chance* and *Nature* too,
To their own *Ruin* *Accessaries* made ;
And this methinks should make us still afraid.

This should induce us daily to *Reflect*,
To fear the *Worst*, and e'en the *Best* suspect :
Cold, *Hunger*, *Prison's* *Ills*, without a *Cure*,
All these we must, and *Guiltless* oft, endure.

F A B. L.

The Belly and the Members.

THE *Commoners* of *Rome* were gone

Once so far into *Faction*,

They'd bear no *Arms*, no *Taxes* pay ;

'Twas 'gainst their *Liberty*, they say ;

Nor wou'd they be compell'd t'obey.

At length so high the *Faction* Run,

And all was in *Confusion*,

Until a *Senator* in *Vogue*,

To calm 'em, brought this *Apologue*.

Once the *Hands* and the *Feet* into *Mutiny* fall,

And *Rail* at the *BELLY* that they must do all.

Their *Reason* was this, we *Labour* and *Toil*,

Whilst you *Live* at *Ease*, and *Glut* on the *Spoil* :

If the *Body* won't *Work*, say they, we'll forbear

Any longer to make it our *Charge* or our *Care*.

And so long in this *Mutinous Humour* they lasted,

That for want of *Subsistence* the *MEMBERS* all

Wasted :

Upon

90 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

Upon which, in the End, when they found their
Mistake,

They were willing enough some *Atonement* to make;
But now 'tis too late, and the *Body's* so *Pin'd*,
That from all they could do no *Relief* it could find:
Which gave them to understand *by the by*,
That the *Body* and MEMBERS together must die.

The M O R A L.

*The Publick Body is but One,
Of which the Prince is Head alone ;
And who from Him his Service draws,
Breaks Nature's and his Country's Laws.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

In human *Bodies*, as in *States*, we see,
There must be still a fixt *Oeconomy*;
Each MEMBER must *Its* proper *Office* do,
Or in the End *Destruction* must ensue.
This *Caution* too should stand above the rest,
Not to defer our Duty to the last.

The

The *Hands* and *Feet* into *Rebellion* fall,
And found their *Error* when they'd ruin'd all:
They saw the sad *Effects* when 'twas too late,
And that themselves must share the *Common Fate*.

F A B. LI.

An *Ape* and a *Fox*.

A Bare-Ars'd APE went to a FOX
To beg a *Bit of Tail*;
You have enough for both, says he,
But that wou'd not prevail.

Says *Reynard*, Were it twice as large
You shou'd not have a *Hair*:
Sirrah, a FOX's *Tail* wan't made
For such an APE to wear.

The MO-

The M O R A L.

*To ev'ry Creature there's Assign'd
A Make and Lot that suits its Kind :
And Men should not correcting stand,
What's form'd by an Almighty Hand.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Too many *Fools* we have, who, like this *APE*,
Impertinently strive to mend their *Shape* :
To gratifie their *Folly* or their *Pride*,
They ask such Things that *Nature* has deny'd.

In *Asking* and *Denying* there are *Rules*
Shou'd be observ'd, as well to *Knaves* as *Fools* :
Some *Blockheads* Ask, som *Crafty Knaves* Deny,
And both perhaps can give no *Reason* why.

In short, *Mankind* may their own *Wishes* Grant;
For they that Covet *Nothing*, *Nothing* want.

F A B. LII.

A Lark and her Young Ones.

There was a *Brood* of LARKS i'th' Corn,
Whose *Dam* went out from *Morn* to *Morn*
To *Forrage* for their *Food*,
And charg'd 'em, till she came, that they
Shou'd look about 'em ev'ry Way,
And get what *News* they cou'd.

At her *Return* they to her go,
In deep *Concern* to let her know,
The *Owner* had been there;
And that the *Neighbours* all around,
The *Corn* he'd *Order'd* to Cut down,
And thither to *Repair*.

Well well, says she, you need not fear,
That be all, no *Hurt* is near.

Next Day, when she came home,
The fearful YOUNG ONES tell their *Dam*,
That now they were inform'd the *Man*
Had ask'd his *Friends* to come.

In

94 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

In this, my *Little Ones*, says she,
No Danger yet appears to me,
So out again she *flies* :
But then next Day, when she came home,
They told the *Man* himself would come :
Then we'll be gone *She* cries.

His *Friends* and *Neighbours* I don't fear,
But when he'll come himself I hear,
'Tis then high time to go :
The *Master* I am well assur'd,
In this respect will keep his Word,
'Tis his own *Business* too.

F A B. LIII.

The *Stag* and the *Oxen*.

A STAG that by *Huntsmen* was press'd very
hard,
For *Sanctuary* runs to a Stall in a *Yard* ;
And prevail'd with the OXEN to conceal him
while,
Who hid him i'th' *Straw* the *Men* to beguile :

By and by came the *Keepers* and to *Dressing* them fall,
And their *Work* being done away they went all.
Upon this, says the STAG, I think I'm secure;
Says a crafty Old OX, but don't be too sure:
These *Servants* are heedless and slovenly too,
But then comes my Master, and he'll look Things
thro'

Now whilst he was Speaking the Master came in,
And to *Feel* and to *Peep* in each Hole does begin;
And whilst he was *Prying* and *Groping* about,
The *Horns* of the STAG in the Straw he felt out.

The MORAL of the Two Fables.

*The doing Business well, Demands
The Master's Presence, or his Hands:
Nay oftentimes good Servants are
Ruin'd, without their Master's Care.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Int'rest is the grand Point on which Men move,
For this they seem to Hate, and seem to Love:
For Int'rest Foes are Friends, Friends Foes again,
And in their Turns are *Knaves* or *Honest Men*.

Who

96 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

Who then would trust a *Slave*, whom Gold can bend,
To sacrifice his *Master* or his *Friend*?

This makes the Moral of these Fables true,
That ev'ry Man shou'd his own Work pursue.
By trusting *Servants* most are *Overstay'd*,
And *Princes* by their *Ministers* *Betray'd*.

F A B. LIV.

A *Fox* and a *Sick Lyon*.

A Certain LYON on a time,
Pretending he was ill,
Observ'd among the *Beasts* that came,
The FOX was absent still.
And so a Letter to him writes,
To let him know that he
Did in his *Sickness* very much
Desire his *Company*.

The FOX return'd the *Complement*,
And soft *Expressions* us'd;
But as for coming to his *Den*,
He beg'd to be excus'd.

For by the Traces of the Feet

As I observe, says he,

Abundance to your *Palace* go,

But none return I see.

The M O R A L.

The Kindness of Designing Men

Shou'd be weigh'd o're and o're agen.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Under the Veil of *Complement* there lies

A world of secret *Mischief* in Disguise.

Men therefore shou'd exceeding careful be

To weigh the Nature of Civility :

Nor is it a small *Point* to judge aright

Between the *Honest Man* and *Hypocrite*.

The L Y O N here, to cover his *Deceit*,

Feigns himself Sick, as the most proper *Bait* :

Then to the F O X a formal *Letter* sends,

You know, says he, that we have long been *Friends*;

'Twou'd be some Comfort to me e're I *dye*,

To have a little of your *Company*.

The FOX first weighs the Matter well, and then
 Returns the LYON's *Complement* agen :
 I wish you Health, says he, but pray excuse
 Your Slave, if he to visit you refuse.
 Few *Visitants* are best if you are Sick;
 Pardon me, Sir, if I suspect a *Trick*.

Through *Veils* of *Words* thus Wise Men view
 the Mind,
 And what is Solid, what is Empty find.

F A B. LV.

A Fox and a Weasel.

A FOX that was thin,
 To a *Hen-Roost* got in,
 Where he *stuff'd* till his *Guts* were so full ;
 That when he'd have gone
 By the *Hole* that he come,
 He cou'd not get out for his Soul.

FABLES, &c.

99

A WEASEL who spy'd
How he wriggld and try'd,
Cry'd out, *Brother* REYNARD, 'tis vain;
You can never get out
Of the *Hole* with out doubt,
Till your *Belly's* grown empty again.

The MORAL.

Temp'rance *the* Mind *in* Order sets,
And Men for Thought and Business fits:
On th'other hand th'intemp'rate Oaf
Destroys *the* Mind and Body both.

REFLECTION.

The *Middle-State* is of all *States* the best,
Not with too much, nor with too little prest.
And as the *Body* so the *Mind* shou'd be,
From all *Excess* and all *Disorders* free.
The FOX's Emblem here may serve to shew
What a *Voracious Appetite* will do,
And caution all *Rapacious Statesmen* too.

F A B. LVI.

A Boar and a Horse.

IT hap'ned on a time a B O A R
Lay wallowing in a *Water*,
At which a H O R S E being come to *drink*,
They quarrel'd on the Matter.

The H O R S E goes to a *Man*, and begs
That he wou'd take his Part :
On some *Conditions*, says the *Man*,
I'll do't with all my heart.

The *Bargain* struck, he mounts the H O R S E,
Who bore him to the *Place* ;
Where he with Pleasure saw the B O A R
Destroy'd before his *Face*.

The H O R S E return'd the *Man* his *Thanks*,
And was about to go :
No, says the *Man*, we must not part,
I have more *Work* for you.

And so he's to the *Stable* led,
 By which he came to see,
 That in *Exchange* for his *Revenge*
 H'had pay'd his *Liberty*.

F A B. LVII.

A Stag and a Horse.

TWIXT a STAG and a HORSE there
 hap'ned a *Fray*,
 And the STAG got the better and carry'd the Day.
 The HORSE, who but ill cou'd brook the *Affront*,
 Goes strait to a *Man* for his *Counsel* upon't.
 Says the *Man* to the HORSE, if You wou'd submit
 To be *Bridl'd* and *Saddl'd* and *Rid* with a *Bit*,
 I'll *Embark* in your *Quarrel*; and take it from me,
 That Soon on this STAG Reveng'd you shall be.
 The Terms were Agreed, so his *Passion* to Please,
 The HORSE was *Enslav'd* to the End of his *Days*.

The MORAL of the Two Fables.

Men of themselves should Measure take,
 Before they Resolutions make,
 And strictly should examine too
 What Things they can, or cannot do.
 He's mad some petty Evil shuns,
 And into greater Danger runs;
 And for Revenge or Humour sake,
 Himself a Slave for Life does make.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Revenge to narrow Minds is incident,
 And 'tis to none but such it gives Content:
 A little Soul's too weak to bear Affront;
 Only the Brave can Injuries surmount.
 Revenge at first, tho' sweet, still back recoils,
 And then turns bitter and the Pleasure spoils.

F A B. LVIII.

Two Young Men and a Cook.

INTO th' *Shop* of a COOK Two YOUNG
FELLOWS got,

And whilst that the *Master* at his *Bus'ness* was hot,
ONE *stole* a *Piece* and to th'OTHER convey'd it,
Which the *Master* soon miss'd from the Place h'had
laid it.

Being charg'd with the *Theft*, HE that took it
swore hard

That HE had it not; HE that had it *declar'd*

That HE did not take it. Says the COOK, very
well:

But then give me leave my *Masters* to tell,

Tho' these *Cheats* and these *Tricks* on Men a while
pass,

Yet there's One Above sees who the *Thief* was.

The M O R A L.

There is no blinding of that Eye,

Doth our most secret Actions spy.

104 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

*Who Makes us, too well knows our Hearts,
To be deceiv'd by little Arts.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

This *Fable* shews the *Vanity* of those,
At once both on *Themselves* and *Heav'n* impose.
Lying and *Tricking* may with Men prevail,
But *Heaven's* unerring *Wisdom* cannot fail:
There's no *Disguise* those piercing *Eyes* can blind,
That view the inmost *Secrets* of the *Mind*.

F A B. LIX.

A Dog and a Butcher.

A S a BUTCHER was busy in dressing his Mear,
A DOG seiz'd a Heart and made his Retreat.
The BUTCHER who saw him go off with the
Prey,

Calls out, Mr. DOG, pray observe what I say:
You may e'en make the best of your Purchase for
once,

But the next time you rob me then I am the Dunce.

The MO-

The M O R A L.

*He that by Loss does Wisdom gain,
Is a great Saver in the main;
And this in all Calamity,
To Men a standing Rule should be.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

The Men that Wisdom buy, altho' 'tis dear,
Yet in the End they mighty Gainers are.
Cautions to stubborn Fools are us'd in vain,
Only the Wise from Cautions reap the Gain.
The burnt Child dreads the Fire, the Proverb says,
Which ev'ry Day confirms a Thousand Ways.

F A B. LX.

A Wolf, a Lamb, and a Goat.

A LAMB once following of a GOAT,
A hungry WOLF came by;
Why what a Fool thou art, says she,
To keep such Company.

F s

What!

106 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

What! leave your *Mother* and your *House*

With such a *Beast* to be?

Well, says the LAMB, but I am here

For my *Security*.

Besides my *Mother* plac'd me here,

And hence I will not stir;

If I were in a proper *Place*,

I know your *Meaning*, Sir.

The M O R A L.

A Parent's Order and Command

In all just Things should firmly stand:

Ill Men we see, by bad Advice,

Children to disobey entice:

And Children thus that disobey,

Are in Destruction's ready Way.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Thus, like this WOLF, some vile *Seducers* try
To *trick* Men out of their *Security*:

The wheedling *Vermin* wou'd seduce the LAMB,
To leave her *Guard* and *disobey* her *Dam*;

And

And what is this but an old beaten *Way*
Which crafty Knaves make use of to *betray*.

F A B. LXI.

A Cat and Venus.

A Fellow so much lov'd a CAT,
That VENUS still he wou'd be at,
And ev'ry Day the *Goddeſs* pray'd
That *Puſs* might be a *Woman* made:
As he deſir'd, *transform'd* ſhe was,
And out ſhe came a *buxom* LASS.
The *doating* Coxcomb took her home,
But when at Night to *Bed* they come,
VENUS to try whether the CAT
Had chang'd her *Manners* with her *Shape*,
Into the Chamber turn'd a *Mouse*;
Which made the CAT from *Bed* break looſe;
And not regarding *Marriage* Ties,
As uſual, at the *Mouse* ſhe lies;
Which VENUS took in ſuch Diſdain,
That ſhe turn'd *Madam Puſs* again.

The MORAL.

*As none can Nature's Force surmount,
 So none for Love can make Account.
 In this the only Difference lies,
 One makes Men Fools, the other Wise.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Love has no Bound in Pleasure or in Pain,
 Nor Nature's Bias nothing can restrain :
 Love's furious Transports roll about the Mind,
 As Flames are carry'd by tempestuous Wind :
 A Passion 'tis so vi'lent, strong and sure,
 No Age can alter, nor no Art can cure.
 Old Men and Boys it equally affects,
 And robs 'em both of all their Intellects.

*Anger in hasty Words may find Relief,
 And Tears may soften and abate our Grief :
 So ev'ry other Passion but fond Love,
 Unto its own Redress may something move.
 But Love ! fond Love ! the wretched Slave inclines
 To that which most prevents his own Designs.*

Love

Love makes Men *play the Fool* and *Sigh* and *Weep*,
Boast, Lye and Flatter, Tremble, Fawn and Creep :
Postures that render them the most despis'd,
 Where they are most endeav'ring to be priz'd.

This doating *Fool* must have his *CAT* *Transform'd*,
 And what's the Effect of that but to be *Scorn'd* ?
 Home to his *Bed* he takes the charming *Puss*,
 Who soon turns *Filt*, and leaves him for a *Mouse*. }
In Brutal Minds we find it always thus.

F A B. LXII.

A Father and his Sons.

A N *Honest Man* whose *Children* us'd
 To *Wrangle, Scold* and *Fight* ;
 Calls for a *Rod*, and bids 'em try
 To Break't with all their *Might*.

With all their *Force* they *One* by *One*
 To break the *Bundle* try'd,
 But could not make it bend ; tho' all
 Their utmost *Strength* apply'd. Well,

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Well, says the Man, unbind it now,

Observe me what I say,

And take the *Twigs* apart and try

What you can do that way.

They did so; and with ease they broke.

This is your Case, says he,

Together keep and you are safe,

Divide you'll ruin'd be.

The M O R A L.

By breach of Unity the World

Into a State of War is hurl'd :

The dearest Friends and Brothers too,

Contend each other to undo.

But whilst the Bond of Peace is sure,

Each others Safety they procure.

R E F L E C T I O N.

The Force of *Union*, and the *Danger* here
Of *Discord* and *Division* plain appear :

The *Father* by the *Rod* his *Children* shows,

How by their *Broys* their *Safety* they expose.

Divided

Divided Fam'lies, like Divided States,
Bring *Discontent* and *Ruine* to their *Gates*:
With senseless Rage they on each other fall,
Until a *Gen'ral Mischief* seizeth all.

F A B. LXIII.

A *Laden Ass* and a *Horse*.

A S a *HORSE* and an *ASS*.
Upon the *Way* pass,
The *A S S* cry'd out for his *Aid*:
Oh help me, says he,
Tho' but little it be,
Or I shall fall down I'm afraid;
But the *HORSE*, like a *Brute*,
Refusing his *Suit*,
The *ASS* sunk under his *Load*;
Upon which when their *Master*,
Came to know the *Disaster*,
He had the *ASS* flay'd on the *Road*.

Then

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Then laid the whole *Pack*,
Skin and all, on the *Back*
Of the HORSE, who was heard to confess,
That the *Ill* he endur'd,
He himself had procur'd,
By not helping his *Friend* in *Distress*.

The M O R A L.

Members of the same Body shou'd,
To One Another still do Good.

R E F L E C T I O N.

The *Business* of Mankind is more or less,
To help each other when they're in *Distress*.
For this w're Born, for this we are *Design'd*,
And thus alone we can preserve our *Kind*.

F A B. LXIV.

A Collier and a Fuller.

A COLLIER once a FULLER did
An *Invitation* give,

To come into a *House* with him,
And there together live.

The FULLER gave him many *Thanks*

That he'd so *Civil* be,
But told him that it wou'd not stand
With his *Conveniency*.

For if I live with you, says he,

As fast as I make clean,
You will be coming *to and fro*,
And *Smutting* it again.

F A B.

F A B. LXV.

A Thrush and a Swallow.

SAYS a THRUSH, my *Dear Mother*, no *Creature*
 I'm sure,
 Such a *Friend* as the SWALLOW did ever procure.
 And, says she, I believe no *Mother* e're had
 Such a *Fool* to her Son, or a *Coxcomb* so mad:
 To make *Friendship* with those with whom you
 can't live,
 Small Proof of your *Judgment* or *Conduct* you give:
 The SWALLOW the *Summer*, you the *Winter* enjoy,
 And what preserves one, does the other destroy.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

*In all the Affairs we take in hand,
 This Rule will always useful stand;
 Strictly to know the State of Those,
 With whom a Friendship we propose.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

These *Fables* caution us to have a *Care*,
 With whom in *Friendship* we contracted are:
 Some *Men* by *Nature* so divided be,
 Their *Manners* and their *Humours* can't agree:
 Like *Dogs* of diff'rent *Kinds* in *Couples* bound,
 They *snarl*, and *tug*, and *tumble* on the *Ground*.

F A B. LXVI.

A Fowler and a Pigeon.

AS a Man at a PIGEON was making a *Shoot*,
 He trod on a *Snake*, and it bit him by th'

Foot:

The *Surprize* was so great, and the *Pain* was so new,
 That he startled, and so away the *Bird* flew.

The MO-

The M O R A L.

*'Twixt Gifts of Providence and Good-Will,
The Wisest Men distinguish still;
Because the first from Heaven descend,
Which Human Will cannot pretend.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*'That Holy Pow'r that Rules and Governs all,
Prevents a World of Mischief in the Fall:
By Ways unknown to us we are set free,
As in this Emblem we may fully see:*

F A B. LXVII.

A Trumpeter taken Prisoner.

A TRUMPETER when th' Army fled,
Was by mishap a Pris'ner made;
And when the Soldiers were about
To Hang him, or to Cut his Throat,

Why,

Why, *Gentlemen*, says he, why will
 You *kill* the *Men* that no *Men* *kill* ?
 Says one o'th' *Soldiers* that stood by,
 For that you're guilty more to die,
 For being an *Incend'ary*.

}

The MORAL.

*He that incites the Mischief first,
 Is than the Doer more unjust ;
 And 'tis the Soldier kills, altho'
 He makes the Bullet give the Blow.*

REFLECTION.

Cowardly Knaves that *Men* in *Pow'r* provoke,
 Altho' they dare not *fight* first give the *Stroke* :
 Like *TRUMPETERS* they urge on those that
 will ;
 And what is this but doing *Mischief* still ?

Most of the *Tumults*, *Broils* and *Civil War*,
 First from the *Pulpits* spring, or from the *Bar* :
 The *Doctors* and the *Lawyers* preach and prate,
 Till in *Confusions* they involve the *State*,

And

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And then like this vile TRUMPETER they say,
We've done no *Harm*, and so they sneak away.

F A B. LXVIII.

A Dog and a Wolf.

A Thin-gutted WOLF and a handfom fat DOG,
Met once on the *Way* and together they jog:
The WOLF seem'd well pleas'd, and desir'd to
know

What *Method* he took to make him look so.
Says the DOG, I the *House* of my *Master* defend,
And for that I'm well fed and us'd like a *Friend*:
Now if you'll go with me and do as I do,
You'll have the same *Fare* and will look as well too.
The WOLF struck a *Bargain*; so together they
trot,

But as they jogg'd on the WOLF spy'd a *Spot*:
Why *Brother*, says he, thy *Neck* is all bare,
Prithee tell me, my *Friend*, what has worn off the
Hair.

Oh oh, says the DOG, if that be the *Sight*,
That's nothing at all but my *Collar's* too tight.

If a Collar's i'th' Case, says th' OTHER, I know
Better Things than to part with my *Liberty* so.

The M O R A L.

*Fine Outsides too much blind our Eyes
To view their Inconveniencies :
Good Meat and Drink, and a good Bed,
Are Comforts when they can be had :
But then we shou'd not bid so high
For any thing, as Liberty.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

E'en in th' Emblem of a WOLF we see,
How much we ought to prize our Liberty.
Who like the DOG wou'd have a gay *Outside*,
To live a *Slave* and be in *Fetters* ty'd;
And yet abundance of these *Fools* we have,
That to the free-born Man prefer the *Slave*.

Mean *fordid Wretches* these ! that never view,
What *Shame* and *Danger* such a State pursue.

F A B.

F A B. LXIX.

A Farmer and his Dogs.

A FARMER in a *Winter* once
Was drove so very nigh,
That he was forc'd to Kill his *Stock*
To feed his *Family*.

The *Sheep* went first, and next the *Goats*,
And then the *Oxen* too,
And yet to keep 'em all alive
H'had *Work* enough to do.

At this the DOGS a Council call,
And *Resolutions* take ;
Before it to their *Turn* shou'd come
Their *Master* to forsake.

For sure, say they, when he has kill'd
His *Servants* of such *Use*,
It can't be long before he'll do
The very same by *Us*.

The M O R A L.

'Gainst Nature's Wants *there is no Law* ;
 From whence this Inf'rence we shou'd draw,
 That we should very tender be
 To Persons in Necessity.

R E F L E C T I O N.

'Tis easie to be Good when we are Great,
 But vi'lent Want does *Vertue* oft defeat.
 The Man to save himself his *Oxen* slays,
 Which much the Horror of the *Fact* allays :
 Nor can the *Menial* DOGS be blam'd to fly,
 When they perceiv'd the Danger was so nigh.

F A B. LXX.

A Camel at First Sight.

THE Bulk o'th'CAMEL at First sight,
 Did all the People much affright ;

But when upon the second *View*
 They found no *Mischief* he would do,
 They *Courage* took and nearer drew.
 And finding that, beyond Dispute,
 Twas but a *heavy stupid Brute*,
 They *ty'd him up* and load the *Fool*,
 And only us'd him as their *Tool*.

F A B. LXXI.

A Fox and a Lyon.

A FOX that once a LYON met,
 The first he ever saw,
 Was ready to give up the Ghost,
 He struck him with such Awe.

Soon after he *Another* sees,
 And then a *Third* he meets,
 On which he *Courage* took, and *Him*
 In friendly manner *Greets*.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

*New Shapes and Faces Men surprize,
Like Monsters of uncommon Size;
But that's strong Folly, since we see
Custom soon cures the Novelty.*

REFLECTION.

*Things that at first seem terrible and wild,
Are by Experience eas'ly reconcil'd.
The monstrous CAMEL in the Emblem here,
Strikes all the People with Surprize and Fear;
But when they'd view'd him round they quickly see
There's nothing in him but meer Novelty.*

*The FOX who ne'er before a LYON saw,
Does at first fight with Trembling from him draw;
But when some Others of his Kind he knew,
His Fears abate and he familiar grew:
Thus Custom sways, and Things grow out of Date,
Just in proportion to Mens Love or Hate.*

F A B. LXXII.

An Eagle and a Fox.

AN EAGLE and a FOX agreed
 They'd *Friends* and *Neighbours* be;
 ONE took his *Station* in a *Brake*,
 The OTHER on a *Tree*.

The EAGLE one Day, when the FOX
 A *Foraging* was gone,
 Falls on her *Quarters*, and her *Cubs*
 She seizeth ev'ry one.

The FOX came time enough to see
 The EAGLE fly away,
 And many heavy Curses sent
 As she bore off the *Prey*.

It happen'd after this, as some
 A *Goat* did *sacrifice*,
 This EAGLE from the *Altar* snatch'd
 A *Piece*, and home *she* flies.



Some

Some *Coals* stuck to'r, it seems, that soon
Her *Nest* on *Fire* set,
And what was worse, her unfledg'd *Young*
She no ways out cou'd get.

They *struggl'd* in the *Flames* a while,
And then half *roasted* fall ;
So in the Presence of the *Dam*
The *FOX* devour'd them all.

The M O R A L.

To punish Rulers disobey,
God to Himself reserves the Way :
His Worship and his Altars are
Ever his own peculiar Care.

R E F L E C T I O N.

This should a *Caution* to all *Tyrants* be,
That *Veng'ance* always waits on *Cruelty* :
The *Hand* of *Justice* for a while forbears,
But yet at last the *Tyrant* never spares.

From *Ill* to *Ill* remorseless *Tyrants* go,
Regardless what they say, or what they do ;

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*Deaf to all Mercy, to all Justice blind,
Not Royal Faith, nor sacred Oaths can bind :
And what's th'Event, but like the EAGLE here,
To bring home Coals to set themselves on fire.*

F A B. LXXIII.

A Husbandman and a Stork.

A STORK once taken in a Net,
For Geese and Cranes was laid,
Her Innocence and Vertue did
For her Enlargement plead.

'Bove all the Creatures I love Men,
And daily serve 'em too.
Why truly says the HUSBANDMAN,
All that, I own, is true :

But those that keep ill Company,
If with 'em they are catch'd,
I think for Company they ought
With them to be dispatch'd.

The M O R A L:

Good Company's *the only* Thing
At once doth Wealth and Honour bring,
And as the Birds of the same Feather,
Most commonly will Flock together :
So if the Good with Bad are taken,
They can't expect to save their Bacon.

R E F L E C T I O N.

In all th' *Affairs* of *Human Life*, there's none
Concerns Men more than *Conversation* :
Wealth and *Repute*, and all that Men shou'd prize,
In a right Choice of their *Companions* lies.

How many sad *Examples* may we see
Of those undone by *Evil Company* !
Shew me the *Company* and the *Man* I'll show,
Is an *Old Proverb*, but 'tis always true ;
Exactly therefore we shou'd weigh the *Man*,
Before we make him our *Companion*,
Lest like this STORK we fall into a *Snare*,
And like *Her* too the *Common Danger* share.

F A B. LXXIV.

A Boy and False Alarms.

A Shepherd's BOY once had a *Trick* that he'd cry,
Here's a Wolf, Here's a Wolf, tho' no Wolf
 was nigh ;

And alarm'd the *People* so oft with such *Cries*,
 That when he spoke *Truth* they believ'd it all
Lyes,

So the Wolves at their Pleasure the *Sheep* did
 surprize.

The M O R A L.

To know when Fooling's good or ill,
 Requires a more than common Skill :
 Still Business and Religion be
 Excepted from that Liberty.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Among a thousand *Fools* would be thought *Wits*,
 There's hardly one a *bant'ring* Humour hits :
 Their *Jests* like *Shots* ill aim'd at Random fly,
 And either sink too low, or mount too high.

Here

Here in th'Example of the BOY we see
How dang'rous FALSE ALARMS and *Foolings* be.

Some Men by car'ing on their *Jests* too far,
Shew more the *Fool* than the *Philosopher* :

Tis not for ev'ry *senseless Oaf* to know
How far a *Jest* will bear, and when 'tis so,
And *Jests* ill-plac'd the greatest *Mischiefs* do.

F A B. LXXV.

An Eagle and a Daw.

AN EAGLE stooping at a *Lamb*,
Truss'd it, and off she flew :

A silly DAW who saw this done,
Would needs be trying too.

But as he strove to lug him up,
His *Claws* so shackl'd were,
That by the *Shepherd* he was caught
Before he could get clear.

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He clipt his *Wings* and took him home
His *Boys* to play with all,
Who gaping on him, ask'd the *Man*
What *Bird* he did him call.

I call him, says the *Man*, a DAW,
Tho' he pretends to be
An EAGLE ; but a DAW he is,
If you will credit me.

The M O R A L.

It argues Pride and Vanity
For Men to aim at Things too high ;
For Things too high when Men contend,
They're only laugh'd at in the End.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Of all the *Coxcombs* that *disgrace Mankind*,
Your high Pretenders still the worst we find :
Mere JACK-DAWS these ! who to ensure their
Fate,
The EAGLES in their *Flight* would imitate.

Now

Now who without *Contempt* can bear to see
Men guilty of this kind of *Vanity*,
But like the *Shepherd* must conclude in short,
Such silly *DAWS* are only fit for sport.

F A B. LXXVI.

A Dog in a Manger.

AN *envious* OLD CUR in a MANGER once
crept,
And the *Horses* from eating their *Provender* kept:
He could eat none himself, and to starve he had
rather,
Than *Another* from him any *Profit* should gather.

The M O R A L.

Envy no other Pleasure knows,
But what's deriv'd from Others Woes:
An *Envious* Man wou'd nothing eat,
Rather than Others shou'd have Meat.

R E F L E C T I O N.

How many of these DOGS does ev'ry *Age*,
 Growling and snarling, bring upon the Stage :
 The *Goods* of *Others* such *Men* wretched make,
 Who *Mischief* only do for *Mischief's* Sake.
 If some *Men* had their *Will*, to please their *Spight*,
 They wou'd submit to a *perpetual Night* :
 Rather than have the *Sun* on *others* shine,
 To *Cold* and *Darkness* they'd themselves confine.
 They take *Delight* in others *Misery*,
 And, like the *Damn'd*, their own *Tormentors* be :
 The *State* should sink, and *Government* shou'd fall,
 Provided that the *Loss* was *General*.

F A B. LXXVII.

A Sheep and a Crow.

There was a CROW did *chatt'ring* keep
 Upon the Back of a poor SHEEP.
 Well *Sirrah*, says the SHEEP, I know
 This to a *Dog* you durst not do.
 Why, says the CROW, that I know too:

I have consider'd very well,
With who it is I have to *deal*.
I can be *quiet* when I find
Another that's to *fight* inclin'd ;
As *troublesome* too I can be
When I meet those will suffer me.

The M O R A L.

Drolls and Buffoons by Nature are
Sawcy to those *their* Jests will bear ;
But slavish on the other hand,
To those *they* know can them withstand.

R E F L E C T I O N.

By this *well-meaning* Men may fully see,
What is their *Lot* whilst in this *World* they be ;
How they're expos'd to th' *Chatt'rings* and *Lampoons*
Of sawcy *Drolls* and scandalous *Buffoons*.

F A B. LXXVIII.

A Camel Praying for Horns.

IT stuck very hard with the CAMEL that *He*
 So *naked, unarm'd, and defenceless* shou'd be:
 It touch'd him to th'quick that *Stags, Bulls and Bears*
 Should have H O R N S, *Claws and Teeth*, and he
 only *Ears* ;

On this, on his Knees, he to *Jupiter* went,
 And earnestly begg'd he some H O R N S might be
 lent :

But *Jupiter* thought the *Request* was so dull,
 That he *issu'd* out *Orders* for *crapping* the *Fool*,
 That the *Loss* of his *Ears* might put him in mind,
 Not to hanker for H O R N S he was never *design'd*.

F A B. LXXIX.

A Fox and a Hare to Jupiter.

TO JUPITER a FOX and HARE
 With a *Petition* once *repair* :

The FOX for the HARE's *Swiftnefs* sought,
 The HARE the FOX's *Gift of Thought*.
 Says JUPITER, since ev'ry *Creature*
 Has something that's its own by *Nature*,
 'Twou'd not with *Heavenly Justice* square
 That *One* should have *Another's* share.

F A B. LXXX.

A Peacock to Juno.

THE PEACOCK being JUNO's *Bird*,
 To sad *Complaints* does fall,
 'Cause to his *Plumes* not added was
 The *Voice* o'th' *Nightingal*.

On this she a *Petition* drew,
 And to the *Goddeſs* went;
 Whose *Answer* was, You have your *Lot*,
 And ſo muſt be content.

The MO.

The MORAL of the Three Fables above.

Heaven's Bounties *so* divided are;
 That ev'ry Creature has its Share :
 He that doth Things 'gainst Nature claim,
 Does Nature's wondrous Author blame.

R E F L E C T I O N .

The Gifts of Nature *so* divided are,
 That ev'ry Creature has its proper share :
 Above the rest the bounteous Hand of Heaven
 To Man, ungrateful Man ! enough has given ;
 And yet the foolish Animal will still
 Be hunting Things, which gain'd wou'd do him ill.

To blame or mend the Works of Providence,
 Argues a Want of Modesty and Sense :
 Our Stations in this World appointed be,
 And there's no alt'ring the Supreme Decree.

When Men *Impossibilities* pursue,
 Shews they're Ungrateful ; nay they're impious too.
 How many Kingdoms, Families and States,
 By these Extreams have justly met their Fates !

Like

Like these uneasy Brutes Men madly strive
For what is not in Nature's Pow'r to give.

F A B. LXXXI.

An Old Weasel and Mice.

A WEASEL that so Old was grown,
Her Mousing Trade was almost done,
Try'd what her Wits wou'd do,
And finding that *She* could not bear
To live much longer on the Square,
Did to a Meal-Tub go.

Hither the MICE will come to me,
Since I can't go to *Them*, says she,
And so they did at first:
At length a Crafty Stager got,
A perfect Knowledge of the Plot,
And put an End to'th' Jest.

The M O R A L.

*Men should the Want of Force supply,
By Wisdom, Art, and Industry.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Knaves live on *Fools* as *Spiders* do on *Flies*,
 And *Art* the Want of downright *Force* supplies,
 But *Time* discovers all, and open lays
 The *Double-Dealer*, and the *Plot* betrays.

F A B. LXXXII.

An Old Tree Transplanted.

A Farmer had an APPLE-TREE
 He valu'd very dear,
 And of the Fruit t'his Landlord made
 A Present ev'ry Year.

He lik'd the Fruit so very well,
 Nothing would serve but He
 To his own Grounds without Delay,
 Would needs Transplant the TREE.

No sooner was the TREE remov'd,
 But it began to Wither;
 And so there was an End at once
 Of Fruit and TREE together.

The MO-

The M O R A L.

Nature *has* Rules and Seasons too,
 For doing all *she* has to do:
 Men shou'd be therefore very shy,
 On her Experiments to try.

R E F L E C T I O N.

In vain we strive to alter Nature's Course,
 By such Attempts Men only make Things worse.
 For all things proper Times and Seasons be,
 And there's no changing the Supream Decree,
 As in the Case of this Transplanted TREE.

F A B. LXXXIII.

A Fox and a Goat.

A FOX and a GOAT by mutual Consent,
 To drink at a Well together once went ;
 When they'd both quench'd their Thirst, the GOAT
 was in Pain,
 To find out a Way to get safe back again.

Says

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Says *Reynard*, Ne'er trouble your Head, you shall see
 We'll quickly get out, if you'll leave it to *Me*:
 If you raise your self up on your hindermost *Feet*,
 And stretch out your Head, to your *Horns* I can get,
 And so can with Ease whip out of the *Well*,
 And draw you up after. The GOAT quickly fell
 To put himself into the *Posture* propos'd;
 The FOX takes a *Skip*, and so out he goes,
 And being got safe, fell to *Bantring* and *Jeering*,
 And the GOAT, in Return, falls a *Cursing* and
Swearing,
 But the FOX made a *Fest* on't, and gave him
 the *Hearing*.

The M O R A L.

Wise Men debate *Things* Pro and Con,
 Before they Matters fix upon.
 To Chance there's Nothing left shou'd be,
 But where there is no Remedy.

R E F L E C T I O N.

"Tis an *Establisht* Rule with Men of Sense,
 First to weigh Things, and then the *Consequence*:

For

For *Knaves* and *Sharppers* so the *World* o'er-run,
That half *Mankind* thro' want of *Thought*'s undone.
With whom they *join*, or what they *undertake*,
Wise Men their first and chiefest *Business* make.

Now had the GOAT observ'd this useful Rule,
H'had ne'er been made a wilely FOX's Tool.

F A B. LXXXIV.

Cocks and a Partridge.

A Man bought a PARTRIDGE, Game-
COCKS us'd to *breed*,

And turn'd it i'th' *Yard* with his *Poultry* to *feed*.

The COCKS kept the Bird away from their *Meat*,

And as oft as they catch'd her, the PARTRIDGE
they *Beat*;

Which griev'd her the more, because that she
thought,

That her being a *Stranger* their *Aversion* had wrought:

But afterwards seeing these COCKS all *engag'd*,

And for *each other's Murder* how they furiously *rag'd*,

She

142 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

She thus *comforts* her self: I don't wonder says she,
That these hot-headed *Fools* were no *kinder* to me.

THE MORAL.

*Who can't among Themselves agree,
Still troublesome to Strangers be :
They fight and quarrel, and don't know
With whom, or why 'tis they do so.*

REFLECTION.

By this w're taught to shun the *Foolish Rake*,
That *fight*s and *quarrel*s but for *Fighting* sake.
What *Peace* can be expected among those,
That to *Themselves* and all *Mankind* are *Foes* ?
Like these *Game COCKS*, by *Instinct* 'tis they *fight*,
And like them too, know neither *Wrong* nor *Right*.

F A B. LXXXV.

A Bragging Traveller.

A Fellow that *Abroad* had been,
And had some *Foreign Countries* seen,

Would

Would still of his *Adventures* prate,
 And of Himself *strange Things* relate :
 Among the rest, at *Rhodes*, he said,
 That he so great a *Leap* had made,
 That *there* no *Person* cou'd come to't
 Within the Distance of *Six Foot* ;
 And this, says he, I'll make appear
 By sev'ral *Witnesses* were there.
 Says one o'th' *Company*, If 'tis so,
 As far as *Rhodes* what need we go ?
 Fancy this *Rhodes*, and *leap* again,
 And that will make it full as plain.

The M O R A L.

Some Travellers a Priv'lege take
To brag and lye for Lying sake ;
But those that doubt the Truth, had better
E'en pass't, than go to prove the Matter.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Of all the *Coxcombs* that the *World* infest,
 Your BRAGGING TRAVELLER's the greatest
 Jest :

Nature

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Nature has writ a *Fool* upon his *Tongue*,
 And all that hear him *prate* their *Reason* wrong:
 Without regard to *Judgment*, *Truth*, or *Sense*,
 The *Sot* goes on with his *Impertinence*;
 Tho' after all his BRAGS he only gains
 To be *despis'd* and *laugh'd* at for his *Pains*.

F A B. LXXXVI.

An *Impostor* to the *Oracle*.

There was a certain *Bant'ring Droll*
 Would needs to *Delphos* go,
 To try if he could put a *Trick*
 Upon the *God*, or no.

He took a *Sparrow* in his *Sleeve*,
 And to *Apollo* said,
 I now have *Something* in my *Hand*,
 Is it *Alive* or *Dead*?

And

And if the ORACLE should say

'Twas *dead*, he'd shew't *alive* ;

If *living*, he the *Bird* would *kill*,

For so he did *contrive*.

But *He* that saw the *Fraud* reply'd,

It shall be which you will,

Because I know 'tis in your Pow'r

The *Bird* to *save* or *kill*.

THE M O R A L.

People that too presumptuous be,

Soon fall to Infidelity ;

And so from Sin to Sin they go

Until at length they Atheists grow.

When Men want Rev'rence for Religion,

They quickly have it in Derision.

R E F L E C T I O N.

How mad's the impious Wretch, Omniscience doubts,
And to his God deceitful Questions puts !

Were I but sure 'twas so, then I'd believe,

And Heaven to please the Fool new Proofs must
give ;

H

And

And the whole *Scheme* of *Providence* must be
Unrowl'd to cure his *Infidelity*.

Great God of Truth! All-knowing and All-wise!
How long shall Sinful Man thy Pow'r despise,
And tempt thy Justice with such Fooleries?

F A B. LXXXVII.

A Woman and a Fat Hen.

A Good Wife had a HEN each Day
Did never miss an Egg to lay.

This foolish Woman had a Thought,
That by more Corn she might be brought
To lay two Eggs a day at least,
And so she put it to the Test.

But being o'er fed the HEN grew fat,
And quite left Laying after that.

The M O R A L.

He that has Much and wou'd have More,
Till he has All will still be Poor:

But

*But seeing that's impossible,
We should give o'er whilst we are well,
And not for more and more still crave,
Untill we forfeit all we have.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

He that abounds in *Wealth* yet still is poor,
Wants more than he that begs from *Door to Door*;
Or who for getting More will hazard All,
Declares himself a *senceless Animal*.

F A B. LXXXVIII.

A Man Bit by a Dog.

ONE that was bitten by a DOG,
Advised was to try
Bread dipp'd i'th' *Wound*, and giv'n to th' *Cur*,
As the best *Remedy*.

Hold, says the *Man*, this will not do,
All DOGS will follow me,
When they, instead of *Hanging him*,
This *Cur* rewarded see.

The M O R A L.

Good Nature's a Misfortune, *when*
It happens to imprudent Men.

Christian Charity *says 'tis true,*
That we should Good for Evil do :
But yet where we should punish, don't
Oblige us a Reward to Grant.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Ill Natur'd Curs no Kindnesses can bind,
 They'll always keep the Malice of their Kind :
 To use 'em well does but encrease their Spight,
 And give 'em further Liberties to bite.

I own indeed that noble Maxim's true,
 'Tis gen'rous to forgive and Christian too ;
 But to reward the Knave shou'd punish'd be,
 But tempts him on to greater Villany,
 As in a World of Instances we see.

F A B. LXXXIX.

A Hunted Beaver.

THE BEAVER's an *amphibious Creature*,
But for the most part lives i'th' *Water*.

His *Stones* in *Physick* being good,
He knows by *Men* he is pursu'd ;
So bites them off when *He's* pinch'd hard,
Leaves them behind and so is spar'd.

The M O R A L.

When Life and all that's dear's at stake,
Wise Men a Composition make :
But then they still this Caution have,
They quit but Part the Whole to save:

R E F L E C T I O N.

When to be *Rich* and *Great* a *Crime* 'tis found,
Men to be safe will any *Ways* compound : .
This is a *Doctrine* that holds always good,
As well in *Courts* of *Princes*, as the *Wood*.

F A B. XC.

A Thunny and a Dolphin.

A DOLPHIN gave a THUNNY Chace,
And was to seize him near,
But chanc'd to strike unluckily
Before he was aware.

The DOLPHIN being close pursu'd,
To run a-ground was forc'd,
And with him bore the THUNNY too;
And there they both were lost.

The THUNNY on the DOLPHIN cast
To the last *Gasp* his *Eye*,
I die with *Pleasure* now, says he,
Since I've your *Company*.

F A B.

F A B. XCI.

Two Enemies at Sea.

TWO ENEMIES once were together at SEA,
At the *Helm* sat the *One*, at the *Stern* t'*Other*
lay.

When it blew such a *Storm* 'twas expected each
Wave

Wou'd the *Vessel* o'erturn and be ev'ry Man's *Grave*;
The *Man* at the *Stern* would needs ask the *Master*,
Which *End* of the *Ship* wou'd first come to *Disaster*:
He told him the *Helm*; then, says he, I shall see
Yonder *Fellow* sink first, and that *comforts* me.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

'Tis but a wretched Pleasure sure
Which spiteful Men themselves procure;
And yet some so revengeful be,
That to destroy an Enemy
They'd freely die for Company:

}

R E F L E C T I O N.

Envy, the worst and ugliest Fiend of Hell,
In noble Hearts is never known to dwell:

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The *baneful Haggard* none but *Villains* knows,
Who to themselves and all the *World* are *Foes*.

F A B. XCII.

A Fortune-Teller.

AN impudent Fellow that pretended, forsooth,
That he could TELL FORTUNES, at
a *Market* held forth:

Put whilst he was prating what *Things* he could do,
News was brought he was Robb'd ; and to know
if 'twere true,

Home he runs in all Haste, but was met by the Way
By a *Droll* of the *Town*, who did thus to him say ;
Pray tell me, my *Friend*, by what Art 'tis you come
To tell *Others Fortunes*, and know not your own.

F A B. XCIII.

A Cunning Woman.

THere was of old a *certain Dame*,
OF CUNNING WOMAN got the Name.

Strange

Strange Things, she said, she could foresee,
And e'en avert *Divine Decree*.
So long she play'd a *Witch's Part*,
Until, in spight of all her *Art*,
At length she's taken up and try'd,
Condemn'd, and for her *Witchcraft* dy'd.
As she to *Execution* went,
Says one to her in *Merriment*,
Good Woman, what the *Gods*, I find,
Were than the Judges far more kind;
Since you with them so much have done,
Could not the *Bench* prevail upon.

F A B. XCV.

An *Astrologer* and a *Traveller*.

A Man a *Gazing* at the *Stars*,
Had once the sad *Mishap*,
Just in the *Depth* of all his *Thoughts*,
Into a *Ditch* to drop.

A sober *Fellow* passing by,
Gave him this good *Advice*;

H s

Let

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Let this Misfortune, *Friend*, says he,
Make you hereafter wise.

Pray, for the future let the *Stars*
Their *Course* in quiet run,
And do you take more Care henceforth
That you the *Ditches* shun.

The MORAL of the Three Fables above:

There needs no more to furnish out
A FORTUNE-TELLER for the Rout,
But his own Impudence, and Fools
Believe the Babling Rascal's Rules.

R E F L E C T I O N.

These Fables point at *Quacks* and *Empiricks*,
With *God*, *Themselves*, and with the *World* play *Tricks*.
Reproves their *Ignorance*, pretend to pry
Into the Secrets of *Futurity*;
And brag they can the *Fate* of *Kingdoms* show,
When of their own *Concerns* they nothing know.

Vilest of *Rascals* these! and yet we see
There's some so fond of *Curiosity*,

They'll

They'll credit all that these *Impostors* say,
 Believe their *Whimsies*, and their *Schemes* obey.
 How many may we find of those mad *Fools*,
 That are to *Juggling Quacks* and *Gypsies*, *Tools*?
Deluded Wretches, fatally misled
 To follow *Knaves* by *Lying* get their Bread?

And there are *Quacks* too both in *Church* and *State*,
 That din our *Ears*, and cheat us with their *Prate*:
 That mighty *Knowledge boast*, and deep *Forefight*,
 And brag that none but *They* can set us right.
 But these in *Fact* are only *Empiricks*,
Raw their *Designs*, and *green* their *Politicks*:
 They differ from the other but in *Name*,
 For *Quacks* of all *Professions* are the same.

F A B. XCV.

A Doctor and a Patient.

SAYS a DOCTOR this PATIENT, *How d'ye*
find you to day?

Says the PATIENT, I've sweat over much, as
 they say.

That's

156 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

That's the best *Sign* i'th' *World*, says the DOCTOR;
and then,

A little while after he'd be at it again,
Pray how is your Body? Says t'other, I find
My self full of *Horror*, and to *Trembling* inclin'd.
Then 'tis as it shou'd be, says the PHYSIC'AN;
It shews *Strength of Nature*, and a good *Disposition*.
Then again he comes o'er him with the same
Question.

Why, I'm *swell'd*, says the Man, and have no *Di-*
gestion.

Best of all, quoth the DOCTOR, and so goes away.
But a *Friend* of the *Sick* that came the same Day,
Asking how he did now, he made this *Reply*,
With good *Signs* and *Tokens* I'm ready to *die*.

The M O R A L.

Nothing more Treach'rous can be,
Than on the Death-bed Flattery.

R E F L E C T I O N.

This shews the *Practice* of the *World* to be,
But one continu'd *Scene* of *Flattery*;
Of which no greater *Instance* can be thought,
Than in this vile PHYSIC'AN here is brought.

To

To flatter Men when they are like to *die*,
 And basely tell 'em there's no *Danger* nigh,
 Is just the same to tell the *Wretch* that lies,
 Drowned in *Lust* and in *Debaucheries*,
 That he's a *Virtuous Man*, and does no *Ill*,
 And that with *Safety* he may be so still.
 Such fatal *Modes* and *Complements* as *these*,
 Only a while the *sickly* PATIENT please,
 And at the last but heighten the *Disease*.

The Church and State too their *Distempers* have,
 And both in *Danger* from the *Flatt'ring Knave*.
Statesmen and *Priests* when *ignorant* and *base*,
 Come up exactly to this DOCTOR's *Case*:
Tis very well, *That's best of all*, they cry,
 Till both are lost, and the poor *Patients die*.

F A B. XCVI.

A FOWLER and a Blackbird.

AS a FOWLER to *bending* his Net was a going,
 A BLACKBIRD at *distance* ask'd what he
 was doing.

Says

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*Says the Man, I am laying the Walls of a Town,
So drew out of sight and in private sat down.*

The BLACKBIRD not thinking any Snare had
been set,

Flew direct to the *Bait* and was caught in the *Net* :
When the Man came to seize her, says the Bird,
well my *Friend*;

If you *build* at this *Rate* you'll soon make an *End*.

The M O R A L.

*There's hardly any Sham so gross,
But on a Blockhead it will pass ;
Especially on One we call
Inquis'tive and Pragmatical.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

All goes to Wreck when *Rulers* in *Disguise*

With *Cruelty* their *Power* exercise.

All *Frauds* with false *Pretences* gilded are,

And *Men* like *Birds* are drawn into the *Snare* :

Religion and the *Publick Good's* the *Bait*,

Whilst all the *Outcry's* nothing but *Deceit*.

How dear is *Native Liberty*, says one

Who to his Country plots *Destruction* ?

Another

Another cries, he'll save the *Church* and *Crown*,
And yet hath *secret Views* to pull both down.

But not to stretch the *Metaphor* too high,
At *gilded Baits* Men like this BLACKBIRD fly,
Till into th' *Net* they're fatally *decoy'd*,
And by the BIRD-MEN, like her too, *destroy'd*.

F A B. XCVII.

Mercury and a Traveller.

ONE that was going a *long Way*,
A *Fancy* had to *try*,

If at his Parting he could put

A *Trick* on MERCURY.

For a *Bon Voyage* having *pray'd*,

Then to the *God*, says he,

If I find any thing *Abroad*

You shall go *Half* with me.

A *Bag* of *Almonds* that was lost

Chanc'd in his *Hands* to fall:

To work he goes immediately,

And quickly *eats* 'em all.

When

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When he had done, the *Skins* and *Shells*

He on an *Altar* laid,

And then bid MERCURY observe,

That he his *Vow* had pay'd.

The M O R A L.

Some Men pretend a God to own,

Yet live as if they thought there's none ;

Their very Pray'rs are Mockeries,

Their Oaths are Shams, their Vows are Lies.

And thus God's Sacred Name's abus'd,

And only for Convenience us'd.

R E F L E C T I O N.

How *impious*, and how *daring* is the *Fool*
That turns *Religion* into *Ridicule* !

And what a vile, audacious *Wretch* is *He*,

That makes his *God* only his *Property* !

Or, what's the same, *treats* him with *Mockery* :

Who can suppose that they a *God* believe,

Disown him thus in his *Prerogative* ?

And like the TRAV'LLER in the *Emblem* here,

Presume to *trick* the *God* he should *revere* ?

F A B. XCVIII.

A Boy and his Mother.

A SCHOOL-BOY brought home to his MOTHER a *Book*,

Which from one of his *Fellows* h'had *Theevishly* took.

The *Woman* instead of *Chastizing* her Son,

Did rather encourage the BOY to go on ;

And so he proceeds without *Grace* or *Shame*,

Until in the End to the *Gallows* he came.

His MOTHER went with him till he came to
the *Tree*,

Where he begg'd that in private he with her
might be,

And pretending some *Secret* put his Mouth to her
Ear,

And instead of a *Whisper*, he *bit* it off clear.

This *unnatural Fact* the *People* condemn,

Till the BOY thus excus'd himself from the *Shame* :

This MOTHER, says he, is the *principal Cause*
I am come to this *Shame* for the *Breach* of the *Laws* :
If she'd *whipt* me when first to *thieve* I began,
I had left off the *Trade* e'er I grew to a *Man*.

The M O.

The M O R A L.

We are either Made or else Undone,

As we have Education :

And this of mighty Moment is,

As well to States as Families.

R E F L E C T I O N.

A vicious Habit must be check'd betimes ;

To foster it, is adding Crimes to Crimes.

The MOTHER winking at her Son's Offence,

The BOY grows harden'd in his Impudence ;

From little Thefts to greater he goes on,

Until at last he's utterly undone.

Now what is this but Parents to advise,

Their Children to instruct and to chastise ?

To nip 'em in the Bud, and let 'em see

A good Example in the Family ?

F A B. XCIX.

A Shepherd turn'd Merchant.

A Countryman feeding his Flock by the Sea,
It happen'd to be such a *delicate Day*,
That by th'*Smoothness* o'th'*Water* so tempted was he;
That nothing would serve but a MERCHANT
he'd be.

His Stock is all sold, and without more to do,
With a Ship freight with *Figs* to Sea he will go.
In the *Voyage* they met such a *Storm*, they were glad
To throw over Board all the *Cargo* they had;
Upon which our New MERCHANT his *Adven-*
tures forsook,

And himself to his former *Employment* betook:
And as he was tending his *Sheep* on the *Coast*,
Seeing just such a *Sea* that *betray'd* him at first,
Yes, yes, says the Man, when the *Devil* is blind;
You'd have some more *Figs*, with a *Vengeance*, I find

The M O R A L.

A SHEPHERD's Cot's more free from Care,
Than Courts of Kings and Princes are.

If

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*If Mind and Circumstance agree,
There's no Man but may happy be:
But if they will such Things begin,
They have no Understanding in,
In the Pursuit if they're undone,
They must allow the Fault's their own.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

This SHEPHERD's Case extends to all Mankind,
Whom restless still in ev'ry State we find.
Down from the Monarch to the lab'ring Swain,
In their respective Stations all complain,
And all to mend their Stations are in Pain;
Tho' in the End there's nothing to be got,
But that which fell to this vain SHEPHERD's Lot.
Nothing but *Disappointments, Loss, and Care,*
Pursue the *Fools* attempt beyond their Sphere.

F A B. C.

An Old Man and a Lyon.

A Person dream'd one Night, he saw
A LYON kill his Son,
Who was, it seems, a Gen'rous Youth,
And Hunting doated on.

This

This *Fancy* sway'd the *Father* so,
He built his *Son* a Seat,
That there he out of Danger's Way
With *Pleasure* might *retreat*.

No Cost was spar'd to make the *Place*
Exceeding neat and fine ;
And there together with his *Son*,
To live he did *Design*.

There was a world of *Pictures* there,
A *LYON*'s with the rest ;
What ! says the *Young Man*, must I be
A *Slave* for such a *Beast* ?

But see by *Ways* to us unknown
How *Chance* brings Things about :
He struck the *Picture* with his Fist,
Where a Nail's Point stood out.

All Means were us'd to cure the *Wound*,
But still in vain they try'd ;
It gangreen'd ; so as *Fate* decreed
He by a *LYON* dy'd.

The MO-

The M O R A L.

*Some Dreams are Monitory ; some
 Are only from Complexion :
 On them we therefore sometimes may
 Too little or too much Strefs lay.
 The less our foolish Dreams we heed,
 The better often we succeed ;
 Because where e'er this Fancy rules,
 It turns the Persons to stark Fools.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

That superstitious Fool depends on *Dreams*,
 Is always *anxious*, always in *Extreams*.
 And yet *Experience* shews us ev'ry day
 A world of Ideots who have *Whims* that way.

F A B. C I.

A Fox that lost his Tail.

A FOX that once happen'd in a Trap to be
 caught,
 Compounds with his TAIL for the saving his
 Throat :

But

But it griev'd him to th' Heart, the Sight's so uncouth

That he must appear when his TAIL was cut off.

However, thinks he, 'tis a *Folly* to fret ;

I'll e'en go and try if a *Court* I can get ;

Which was readily *granted*, and the FOXES all met.

The Court being sat, he learnedly shews

That a TAIL to a FOX was of small or no Use.

But no sooner had done but up stood a *Shaver*,

And desir'd that *Member* wou'd do 'em the *Favour*

To explain, whether he his *Motion intended*

For the Good of those FOXES with TAILS were befriended ;

Or whether twa'nt rather to hide the *Disgrace*

Of those that had ne'er a TAIL to their *Arse*.

The MORAL.

'Tis Politick for Men to try

To hide a great Deformity ;

And still more Politick if they can

Make their Defects the Fashion.

R E F L E C T I O N.

In all the Counsels crafty FOXES give,
 Some private *Views* and secret *Ends* they have ;
 This is the FOX's *Case* before us here ;
 He left his TAIL, and then would make 't appear
 That TAILS in gen'ral were but useles Ware.

'Twas boldly mov'd, but where there's *Loss* and
Pain

'Tis very hard the *Multitude* to gain ;
 And yet we've found it by *Experience* true,
 It has been done, and done by FOXES too.

'Tis true, there's few Men live without some
Fault,

That they'd be willing on the *Stage* were brought;
 But then there is a mighty *diff'rence* lies
 'Twixt private *Faults* and open *Villanies*.

The *Wretch* that's lost to *Virtue*, *Grace* and *Sense*,
 Quickly grows harden'd in his *Impudence* :
 He'll have no *God*, no *Conscience*, nor no *King*,
 And all he values must have no such *Thing* :
 And thus the FOX, when his own TAIL is gone,
 Exclaims at TAILS, and FOXES must have none.

F A B. CII.

A Fox and a Bramble.

A FOX in *leaping* of a *Hedge*,
To break the Fall thought meet
To catch a BRAMBLE in his way,
Which sorely prick'd his *Feet*.

On this he laid him down, and fell
To licking of his *Toes*,
And bitter *Exclamations*
Against the BRAMBLE throws.

Why, says the BRAMBLE, who'd have thought
But you had better *Sense*,
Than to have sought *Relief* from *One*
Gives ev'ry thing *Offence*.

The M O R A L.

Some nat'rally so Vicious be,
That they delight in Villany;
And that poor Man must be hard laid,
That's forc'd to fly to such for Aid.

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R E F L E C T I O N.

Madmen and Fools to those for *Succour* fly,
Whom *Nature* has ordain'd an *Enemy* :
Without *Regard* to any thing they do,
Only from *Instinct* *Mischief* they pursue.

To *Curse* the *BRAMBLE Reynard* was to
blame,
And does himself both *Fool* and *Knave* proclaim.

F A B. CIII.

A *Fox* and a *Crocodile*.

I *N* point of *Birth* a *Quarrel* fell,
Betwixt a *FOX* and *CROCODILE*.
The *CROCODILE* was very high
Upon his *Antient Family*;
To which the *FOX* with *Scorn* reply'd,
This need not be so amplify'd,
Since on your *Skin* such *Marks* you bear,
Will shew whose *Progeny* you are.

The MORAL.

To brag and lye the Men that love,
Do frequently themselves disprove.

REFLECTION.

Some Lies so bold and so notorious are,
No Shew of Reason or of Truth they'll bear,
But in themselves flat Contradictions are.

F A B. CIV.

A Fox and Huntsmen.

A FOX that was run
Till his Strength was quite done,
To a Man that was Working repair'd :
Oh ! tell me, says he,
Where I may safe be ;
So he bid him go Home to his Yard.

He hardly was got
Safe into the Cot,
But the Dogs and the HUNTSMEN came on :
Pray Neighbour, say they,
Did the FOX come this Way ?
No truly, quoth he, I saw none.

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But at the same time,
He thought it no *Crime*,
With his Finger to point to the *Place* ;
And the FOX through a Hole
Observing the whole,
Most terribly frightened he was.

But not thinking the *Hint*
Had had any thing in't,
The HUNTERS in Haste went away ;
And finding all safe,
The FOX marches off,
But the *Devil* a Word did he say.

How now ! says the Man
What will you be gone,
And not take leave e'er you go ?
Had your *Finger* and *Tongue*
Went together along,
Says the FOX, we would not part so.

The M O R A L.

By Signs as well as Words Men may
Tell Lies, and oft'ner do betray.
The Guilt's the same, which does the Wrong,
Either the Finger or the Tongue.

R E F L E C T I O N.

There is no *trusting* him will one *Thing* say,
 And then will *act* the clean contrary way.
 And he's a *Villain* that *betrays* the Man,
 That he has promis'd his *Protection*.

I grant that *Reynard* was a *Common* *Foe*,
 And ought at first to have been treated so ;
 But when the Man his *Word of Honour* gave,
 Then to betray him, argues him a *Knave* :
Truth speaks Men Virtuom, Virtue makes 'em Brave. }

F A B. CV.

A Man and a Wooden God.

A MAN an IMAGE had, which he
 Did very much *adore* ;
 And yet the oft'ner that he *pray'd*,
 He still went back the more.

This put him into such a *Rage*,
 That he in vain should call,
 That up he took the *Head* o'th' GOD,
 And *dash'd* against the *Wall*.

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Out flies a *Quantity* of *Gold*.

Why this it is, says he,
To serve a GOD that must be *beat*,
A stubborn *Deity*!

THE MORAL.

Most Men both Laity and Priest,
Make their Religion Interest,
And reckon that Church best, in which
That they the soonest can get rich.

REFLECTION.

This *Fable* points at all false *Worship* first,
Then shews that *Zealots* in wrong *Ways* are worst;
Next blames the Man that may be *bought* and *sold*,
And basely serves his God and King for *Gold*:
It likewise checks that *imp'ous Libertine*,
That mocks his God, and jests with *Things Divine*.

Those that serve God as some for Money do,
By the same Rule will serve the Devil too.

F A B. CVI.

A Dog invited to Supper.

WHEN a Man to a *Supper* invited a *Friend*,
The DOG of the House for his DOG
wou'd needs send :

Who came at the Hour, and to see what good *Cheer*,
Did according to *Custom* to the *Kitchen* repair ;
Where whilst he stood pleas'd with the Thoughts
of his *Feast*,

The Cook came behind him and quite spoil'd the
Fest :

He took him by th' *Tail*, and after h' had swung him,
Without any Questions out o'th' *Window* he flung him.

No sooner, poor Devil, h' had recover'd the Fall,
But he scampers away, and did hideously bawl,

Whilst close at his Heels with Curs he's beset,
Who follow'd to know what Welcome he met :

Why, says he, they have been with their Drink so
o'er kind,

That I out of the House the right Way cou'd not
find.

THE MORAL.

Love me, love my Dog, *they say;*
 In Days of Yore *that was the Way;*
And 'tis a Way does sometimes shew
 Good Nature and good Manners too.
 The Servant for his Master's Sake,
 Should always of the Feast partake.

REFLECTION.

'Tis a sure Sign of Hospitality,
 When Masters to the Servants friendly be;
 It bears the face of a sincere Respect,
 And bids the Master welcome in Effect.

F A B. CVII.

An Eagle and a Man.

A MAN did once an EAGLE take,
 And plum'd her very close,
 And then among his Flock of Hens
 He turn'd his Captive loose.

Another

Another came and bought the *Bird*,
And feather'd her again,
She made a Flight and *truss'd* a *Hare*,
And brought it to the *Man*.

A *Fox* who saw how Matters went,
This honest *Counsel* gave,
You ought not too much *Confidence*
In this *fierce Bird* to have;

For who can tell but she at you
May make her second Flight.
The MAN thought *Reynard's* good Advice,
And so new plum'd her quite.

THE MORAL.

Humours and Shapes may alter'd be,
But Nature still the same we see.

REFLECTION.

There is no trusting to a *Bird* of *Prey*,
Do what we can yet Nature they'll obey:
For want of *Power* their *Mischief* they disguise,
But in their *Will* it still in secret lies.

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And yet with *Creatures* the most *wild* and *rude*,
We sometimes see a *World* of *Gratitude*.
Nothing's so *Brutal* as *ungrateful Man*,
Whom no *Degrees* of *Friendship* work upon.

F A B. CVIII.

A Father and his Sons.

A *Countryman* who by his *Labour* and *Care*,
Liv'd well on his own and had something
to spare,

And being desirous that his SONS shou'd go on,
And live in *Repute* as their FATHER had done;
When he came to his *Death-bed* he call'd 'em all
nigh,

Dear Children, says he, before I can *die*,
I have something to tell you, and the *Matter* is this,
That hid in my *Vin'yard* a *Treasure* now is ;
When I am *Departed*, I conjure you take *Care*,
To *dig* and to *search* till you find it out there :
So he *dies*, and the SONS to the *Vin'yard* repair. }
They turn'd it and turn'd it, not a *Penny* they found,
But the *Profit* next *Vintage* did the *Riddle* expound.

The M.O.

The M O R A L.

*Who to their Sons good Counfel give,
No better Legacy can leave ;
And that Advice they'll best pursue,
Which Inclination leads them to.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

No *Wealth's* so good, nor will so long remain,
As that which Men by honest *Labour* gain.
This the good FATHER when he came to *die*,
Left to his SONS as the best Legacy ;
Go dig my *Vin'yard*, SONS, and you shall find
A Treasure hid proportion'd to your Mind :
Make haste, Dear Children, do as I advise,
In the Discov'ry Health and Profit lies.

F A B. CIX.

A Fisherman and his Pipe.

A FISHERMAN that understood
His PIPE beyond his *Nes*,
Sate *whistling* by a *River* side,
In hopes the *Fish* to get,

He

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He *Pip'd*, but not a *Fish* came near ;

At length his *Net* he threw,

And, what he little did expect,

A mighty *Draught* he drew.

The *Fish* no sooner landed were,

But they to *Frisking* fall :

Sots ! when you'd *Musick*, says the Man,

You wou'd not *dance* at all.

The M O R A L.

For doing all Things there's a Rule,

And Men that break it play the Fool.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Nothing so much declares Men *giddy Fools*,

As doing *Things* without regard to *Rules* :

When out of Season Men *Things want or wish*,

'Tis like this Coxcomb's piping to the *Fish*.

F A B. CX.

A Fisherman's Good Luck.

A MAN who *Fishing* long had been,
And not one single *Fish* had seen,
Resolves to go away:

But just as he was in that Thought,
A swinging *Fish* leaps in his *Boat*,
And so made good the Day.

The M O R A L.

*The honest Men that persevere,
In a good Cause, need never fear:
Sooner or later they will see
A Blessing on their Constancy.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*Faith, Hope, and Vertue, nothing can withstand,
And Providence has still an open Hand:
Nevertheless we should industrious be,
And leave the rest to the Divine Decree;*

With

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With *Patience* to the *End* should *persevere*,
Our *Duty* do in our *respective Sphere*,
And then there's no *Foundation* for *Despair*.

Success does always wait on *Virtuous Deeds* ;
Tho' oft a late, a *sure Reward* succeeds.

F A B. CXI.

Large Promises.

A *Very sick Man* expecting to *die*,
To the *Gods* for *Relief* himself did apply,
And *vow'd* that a *Thousand Oxen* he'd give,
Provided this once they'd permit him to live.
Says his *Wife*, my dear Husband, have a care what
you say ;
For, shou'd you be *sav'd*, where's the *Oxen* to pay ?
Sweet Heart, says the Man, you talk like an *Ass* ;
If I am but *sav'd*, let what will come to pass.
Besides, what a Fool you are to *believe*
That the *Gods* for such *Trifles* any *Trouble* will give
However, this *Bout* by the *Gods* he's restor'd,
To try if he'd keep his *Faith* and his *Word*.

He

He no sooner was well, but he makes in all
Haste,

Instead of *live Oxen*, a Thousand in *Paste*,
And those in due Form on an *Altar* he plac'd.
But *Veng'ance* for this pursu'd the vile *Wretch*,
Insomuch that one Night in a *Dream* h'had a Fetch,
That he should forthwith repair to the *Coast*,
And there should find *Treasure* that long had been
lost.

The Notion prevail'd, so he goes to the *Ground*,
But instead of the *Treasure*, some *Pirates* he found.

He *begg'd* and he *vow'd*, and for *Liberty* cry'd,
And offer'd a Thousand Talents beside ;
But they wou'd not *trust*, so they bore off the *Knave*,
And sold him for so many *Groats* for a *Slave*.

THE MORAL.

The Dev'l was sick, the Dev'l a Monk would be ;
The Dev'l was well, the Dev'l a Monk was he.

REFLECTION.

Seeming *Devotion* does but guile the *Knave*,
That's neither *Pious*, *Faithful*, *Just*, or *Brave* :

But

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But where *Religion* does with *Virtue* join,
It makes the Man bright as an *Angel* shine.

Men in Distress will promise, *swear*, and *lie*,
And vow such *Things* with which they can't comply;
And thus God's mock'd: But what's the *Consequence*,
But a just *Veng'ance* for the dire *Offence*.

F A B. CXII.

Fishermen Disappointed.

SOME FISHERMEN who with their Net
Had *dabbling* been all day i'th' *Wet*,
And after all had nothing *caught*,
T'wards Night had *Prospects* of a *Draught*:
The Net so heavily came Home,
They durst have sworn a *Sturgeon*.
But when they'd lug'd it to the *Shore*,
There's a huge Stone and nothing more.
At this again they're down i'th' Mouth,
Till one among 'em thus *held forth*:
We should consider, *Sirs*, says he,
That *Joy* and *Sorrow Sisters* be,
And take their *Turns*, as now we see.

The MO.

The M O R A L.

*Whilst we continue here below,
By turns we Joy and Sorrow know:
The only Comfort that we have,
We shall rest quiet in the Grave.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

The Case of these poor FISHERMEN we find,
Is in Effect the Case of all Mankind.
This Moment w're at Ease, the next in Pain,
Anon we Fear, and then we Hope again.
This 'gainst all Human Ill's the best Defence,
To do our Duty, and wait Providence.

F A B. CXIII.

Death and an Old Man.

AN OLD MAN by his Burden press'd,
Was forc'd to throw it down to rest,
And often did most sadly call
For DEATH, to ease him of his Thrall.

DEATH

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DEATH came the *Moment*, and says he,
What is it you would have with me?
Nothing at all, says the OLD MAN,
But t' have my *Burden* up again.

The M O R A L.

*Men call on DEATH as on the Devil,
But when he comes they fear the Evil.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

When Men in *Pain* and *wrack'd* in *Torture* lie,
Nothing will serve them then but they must *die*;
But when D E A T H comes, how soon they
change the Cry!

Like this *Old wornout Wretch*, the *Burden* then
Must by all means be lifted up again.

F A B. CXIV.

A Doctor and Patient with
Sore Eyes.

A DOCTOR undertook to *save*
A Woman's Eyes were sore;
And he no Money was to have
Unless he did the Cure.

He plaster'd them with Ointment so
She could not thro' it look;
And ev'ry *Visit* that he made,
He something from her took.

At length her Eyes so mended were,
That she could see about;
And then she found her choicest Goods
Were from her House gone out.

Soon after this the DOCTOR came,
I've made the *Cure*, says he,
And do expect, without delay,
My *Pay* accordingly.

Alas!

Alas! says she, I am much worse
 Than when you first begun ;
 For then I saw my *Plate* and *Goods*,
 But now I can see none.

The M O R A L.

*In most good Offices Men do,
 Still their own Int'rest is in view.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

This World affords ten thousand *Instances*,
 In which the *Cure* is worse than the *Disease* ;
 Men for a *Trifle* spend their whole *Estate*,
 And never *think* before it is too late.

No *Cure* no *Money's* but a common *Bait*,
 Us'd by most *Knaves* to cover their *Deceit*.

F A B. CXV.

A Cat and Mice.

A Great Drove of MICE that a House much
infested,

By a vigilant CAT were daily *molested* :
She pick'd up so many that at last they agree
Not to live on the *Floor*, but i'th' *Ceiling* to be :
This spoil'd *Puss's* Sport, unless she could find
A Way to decoy 'em to alter their Mind ;
So she leaps to a *Pin* and to it she clung,
And like a dead *Pole-Cat* in a *Warren* she hung.
The MICE saw her hang ; but then looking about,
One more wise than the rest the *Matter* finds out.
Says she, you may hang like a CAT as you are,
But the *Devil* a MOUSE of us will come near.

The M O R A L.

*There's none but Fools Themselves expose
To those they know to be their Foes :
For tho' by Chance they 'scape the Ill,
They forfeit their Discretion still.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Where Force won't do *Invention* shou'd be try'd,
 And want of *Pow'r* by *Industry* supply'd :
 Instinct in *Brutes* a World of *Things* can show
 That very near to *Human Reason* go,
 As in the *present Case* this CAT's *Design*
 Shews deep Fore-thought, the MICE to *undermine*.

F A B. CXVI.

An Ape and a Fox.

ON the *Lyon's* Decease the *Beasts* with *Intention*
 To chuse a *new King*, met all in *Convention* :
 There were sev'ral put up, but *one's Make* was not
 fit,

Another wants *Strength* ; others *Humour* and *Wit*.
 In Conclusion the APE, that *Buffoon* of a *Beast*,
 By his *Tricks* and his *Gamboles* got the Day from
 the rest.

The FOX, who was *one* that had put in his *Claim*,
 Being damnably *stomach'd* he had miss'd of his
Aim ;

He

He presently *whispers* in the *Ear* of the *Elect*,
 That he cou'd for him a great *Service* effect.
 May it please you, says he, *hid Treasure* I've found,
 And 'tis yours, Sir, by *Right*, for 'tis in your *Ground*.
 So he carries the APE to go seize on it strait,
 And what shou'd it be, in the *Ditch*, but a *Bait* :
 The APE lays his Hand on't, and the *Spring*
 gave a *Snap*,
 And so all his *Fingers* were catch'd in a *Trap*.
Base Wretch ! says the *Fool* ; *Simple Prince* ! says the
Knave,
 You're fit to rule Others your own *Fingers* can't
 save.

THE MORAL.

The Men of Bus'ness, Sense and Wit,
 For Government are only fit ;
 And those that other Rulers chuse,
 Authority it self abuse.

REFLECTION.

'Tis an ill Sign of Peoples Politicks,
 When they chuse Rulers for their Antick Tricks.
 A Ruler should be wise, sedate and just,
 Or he's unfit to execute the Trust.

The

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The APE succeeds the Lyon as a *King*,
Which does *Contempt* upon the *Office* bring ;
And yet when *Vermin* both *elect* and *rule*,
An APE's the fittest *Creature* for their *Tool*.

But then observe the *fatal Consequence* ;
Some crafty FOX watches the *new made Prince* ;
Draws him into a *Trap*, and when he's there,
Reviles, *buffoons*, and *scorns* him in the *Snare*.

F A B. CXVII.

A Smith and his Dog.

A SMITH took notice of his CUR,
That whilst he *work'd* he would not stir,
But sleeping by him be ;
Yet still when he to *Dinner* come,
The DOG would constantly make One
On which, Sir DOG, says he,

Be pleas'd this *Secret* to *disgorge*,
Whilst I am *working* at my *Forge*,
Why 'tis you *napping* lie ;

But then as soon as I come in,
And that my *Chops* to walk begin,
Yours go for Company.

To which the DOG made this Reply,
Master, you better know than I,
For all things there's a *Season* ;
A *Time* to *sleep*, a *Time* to *wake*,
A *Time* for all we undertake:
And that, Sir, is my *Reason*.

The M O R A L.

All Creatures through the whole Creation
Seek Food, and Rest, and Propagation.

R E F L E C T I O N.

As Men by *Reason*, *Beasts* by *Instinct* do,
At proper Seasons *Food* and *Rest* pursue ;
Only the *Beasts* the *Men* do oft exceed
In Nature's *Rules*, and *Kindness* to their *Breed*.

F A B. CXVIII.

A Boasting Mule.

THere was a *Fav'rite* MULE that wou'd
 Be always *Bragging* of his *Blood* :
 I was, says he, a *Courser's Son*,
 That many *topping Match* has won,
 And, tho' I say't, my self *inherit*
 Most of my *Father's Speed* and *Spirit*.
 The *Words* had hardly past his *Mouth*,
 But he is put upon the *Proof*,
 And did not only shew *himself*
 A *Fade*, but more to shame the *Elf*,
 His *Father* did to *Braying* fall,
 To tell him his *Original* :
 Then the whole *Field* to shout begun,
 To find he was an *Ass's Son*.

The M O R A L.

The base-born Fool *that's* mounted *high*,
 And then sets up for *Quality*,
 Above all things that can be nam'd,
 Of his own *Father's* most ashamed.

R E F L E C T I O N.

A world of *Upstarts* like this **MULE** there be,
 When they grow Great forget their *Family*;
 Without confid'ring *Fate* again may frown,
 And, where it took them up, may set 'em down.

Amongst this *Herd* of *Brutes* we always find,
 Some that will still be *bragging* of their *Kind*,
 Altho' they know that from *Original*,
 Their *Sires* or *Grandfires* were but *Asses* all;
 Unless some *Stallions* or some *Pimps* of *State*,
 Whose *Lust* or *Villany* has made 'em *Great*.

Now what can be more senceless to *Reveal*,
 The only thing such *Scoundrels* should conceal,
 As many do who *impudently lie*,
 And boast of long *Descent* and *Progeny*?
 Such *Fops* at length but like this bragging **MULE**,
 Expose themselves to *Scorn* and *Ridicule*.

F A B. CXIX.

A Dog and a Wolf.

A WOLF a DOG a napping took,
Before his *Master's Door*,
And as he went to worry him,
The DOG did him *implore*.

You see, says he, I'm *Carrien* now,
But if you'll *Patience* have,
We shortly have a *Wedding Feast*
Will make me *plump and brave*.

When I'm in better *Case*, I will
My self before you throw.
Which so prevail'd upon the WOLF,
That she e'en let him go.

But coming by the *House* again,
And seeing of the CUR,
I hope, says he, you don't forget
What 'twas you *promis'd*, Sir.

Friend, says the DOG, if e're again
 You chance to come this Way,
 If I'm *asleep* without the Door,
 Don't for a *Wedding* stay.

THE MORAL.

*Experience upon Brutes prevails,
 When often upon Men it fails.
 Some Brutes there are too Politick,
 To be Gull'd twice by the same Trick.*

REFLECTION.

*Sleeping and Waking wise Men keep a Guard,
 And are for ev'ry Accident prepar'd:
 One Danger makes 'em of the next beware.
 They never twice are catch'd in the same Snare.*

F A B. CXX.

A LYON and a BULL.

IN that Age of the World when Bulls fed on
Mutton,
 A LYON a BULL intended to glut on;

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And to cover the *Matter*, and *Decorum* to keep,
He invites him to *Supper* one Night on a *Sheep*.
The BULL came in *Form*, but whilst he was there,
Observing what vast *Preparations* there were,
He quickly scour'd off. The LYON calls after,
Why whither so fast? Why, my *Friend*, what's the
Matter?

Says the BULL, 'Tis high time for me to change
Station,
When I see that you're making such large *Preparation* ;

From whence it appears to me, my *good Friend*,
That a BULL, not a *Sheep*, you to *Sup* on intend.

The M O R A L.

'Tis ill depending on the Man,
Betrays from Inclination.

R E F L E C T I O N.

He that will trust a bloody-minded Man,
Runs a sure Risque to be at length undone:
His *finest Words* are *Snares* and *Complement*,
And never us'd but with some black *Intent*.

F A B. CXXI.

A *Ly*on in *Love*.

A LYON in LOVE with a *Country Lass*, went
 To try by all Means for her *Father's Consent*,
 Whose *Answer* was this : I will never agree,
 Any *Beast* to my *Daughter* a *Husband* shall be;
 But the *Brute* look'd so fierce and stern on the *Matter*,
 That the *Bumkin* was forc'd to compound with his
Daughter :

But first 'twas concluded his *Nails* should be par'd,
 And his *Teeth* should be drawn, and not one of 'em
 spar'd ;

For your *Teeth* and your *Nails* are the *Things*, says
 the *Churl*,

Which so terribly frights and dishearten the *Girl*.
 The LYON got ev'ry thing done they propose,
 And then for his *Promise* to the *Father* he goes.

When the *Countryman* saw that the *Beast* was un-
 arm'd,

And there was no *Danger* that he should be harm'd,
 He took a good *Cudgel*, and so manag'd the *Lover*,
 That from that very time the *Match* was quite over.

The M O R A L.

*Extravagant and senceless Love,
Life, Fame, nor Fortune cannot move;
And all Things else which wise Men prize,
Are made this Passion's Sacrifice.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*Fond Love does Human Policy despise,
And laughs at all the Counsels of the Wise:
'Tis like Ambition 'twill admit no Bounds,
But Right with Wrong, and all things else confounds:
It breaks thro' Laws for Civil Rights are plac'd,
Throws down the Fences, and lays all Things waste.*

*To feed their Passion and to gain their Cause,
Men like this Brute will part with Teeth and Claws,
Tho' very oft they're cudgell'd as he was.*

F A B. CXXII.

A **Lyones** and a **Fox**.

A *Numerous Issue in the World*
Does for a Blessing pass;

On which Consideration,

A FOX so sawcy was

To tax a LYONESS that she
Only one *Whelp* brought forth.

That's right, says t'other, but that one
A Creature is of *Worth*.

The M O R A L.

Some value Things, without all Sense;

For Number more than Excellence.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Things should be measur'd by their *real Worth*,
And not by *Numbers*, as 'tis here set forth:

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The *Knaves* and *Fools* the greatest *Number* are;
But that don't sure their *Excellence* declare;
There's fifty such to one *Philosopher*.

I grant for *Order's* sake the *Major Voice*
Carries the *Question*, and confirms the *Choice*:
Yet that but only makes the *Proverb* good,
Wise Men *propose*, but 'tis the *Fools* conclude.

F A B. CXXIII.

Two Cocks Fighting.

TWO COCKS a bloody Battle fought,
Which shou'd a *Dunghil* rule:
He that was worsted hung his Head,
And sneak'd off like a *Fool*.

T'other flew to th' *Ridge* o'th' *Barn*,
And there insulting lay,
Until an *Eagle* made a *Stoop*
And bore him quite away.

The M O R A L.

A gen'rous Foe will modest be,
And wisely use his Victory.

REFLECTION.

This *Fable* shews the various *Chance* of *War*;
To day we're *Victors*, the next *Captives* are;
How calmly then shou'd Men their Conquest
bear?

Fate *changes Sides* by turns, *delights* in *Strife*,
And makes a perfect *Lottery* of *Life*.

How foolish is it then to *vaunt* and *boast*

Of that which may so easily be lost:

In such a Case 'tis better humble be,

And *praise* the Hand that gave the *Victory*.

F A B. CXXIV.

A Fawn and a Stag.

A FAWN with a STAG was *reas'ning* the
Case,

Why he of the *Dogs* so fearful still was?

You're far better *arm'd*, and you're *stronger* than
they,

And if you would stand might keep them at *Bay*,

And yet from the *Curs* you run frighted away:

Says.

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Says the STAG, All you say I own to be true,
And have often my self the same *Sentiments* too :
But whatever's the Matter, let me *think* what I *please*,
When I once hear the *Hounds* I can ne'er be at ease.

The MORAL.

'Tis one thing for a Man to know
What Things are fit for him to do,
And quite another thing to try
To practice his Philosophy.
Nothing can change a Coward's Nature ;
Good Counsel's lost on such a Creature.

R E F L E C T I O N .

Here, in the Emblem of the STAG, we find
The Nat'ral Frailties of all Human Kind.
The Men that Cowards by Complexion be,
Are rarely cur'd of that *Infirmity* :
They may resolve, but when the Danger's near,
That *Resolution* soon gives way to Fear.

F A B. CXXV.

Jupiter and a Bee.

A BEE to JUPITER one time
A Pot of Honey sent ;
 Which little *Present* gave the *God*
 So very great *Content* ;

He bid *Her* ask what e'er she wou'd,
 And he would grant the thing :
 And she desir'd it *Death* shou'd be
 Where e'er she set her *Sting*.

But **JOVE** unwilling was *Mankind*
 Should at her *Mercy* lie ;
 So told her if she left her *Sting*,
 She for the *Fact* should *die*.

The M O R A L.

All spiteful Prayers but Curses are,
And injure the Petitioner.

R E F L E C T I O N.

How many Men like this *malicious* BEE,
 Pray for a *Pow'r* to act their *Cruelty*?
 And like this BEE too, if the *Pow'r* they had,
 Would *sting* the *World* till they had made it mad.
 There are a sort of *Insects* that delight
 In nothing but to gratify their *Spite*,
 And use their *Stings* whether 'tis *wrong* or *right*.

F A B. CXXVI.

Wasps in a Honey-Pot.

A Swarm of WASPS one time were got
 Together in a HONEY-POT;
 Where *cramming*, they so long remain,
 That they could not get out again;
 And so they quickly came to know,
 For their *sweet Meat* their *Lives* must go.

THE MORAL.

*Pleasures when they're habitual grown,
Can't afterwards be let alone,
Untill by them we are undone.*

REFLECTION.

Our chiefest *Pleasures* but a while are lent,
And great's the *Int'rest* of a short *Content* :
What's worst of all, when they habitual grow,
They never end but in our *Overthrow*.

*Plung'd in his Lust the sens'ual Mortal lies,
And wallows on until, like Æsop's Flies,
He's clam'd so fast he can't get out, so dies.*

F A B. CXXVII.

A Young Man and a Swallow.

A Foolish YOUNG FELLOW
Upon sight of a SWALLOW
That came too soon in the Year,

With-

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Without more *delay*
All his *Clothes* made away,
Presuming that *Summer* was near.

After this came a *Frost*,
Which starv'd him almost ;
Upon which to himself, says the *Oaf*,
Would this ignorant *Sot*
Have staid till 'twas hot,
She'd hinder'd the *Ruin* of *both*.

The M O R A L.

Uncommon *Causes* should not be
Made *Rules* in our *Oeconomy* ;
Nor an irreg'lar *Accident*
Be drawn into a *Precedent*.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Reason in ev'ry *Circumstance* prevails ;
Examples oft, but *Reason* never fails.
Who from *Particulars* draws a gen'ral *Rule*,
Runs the same *Risque* with this young giddy *Fool*.

F A B. CXXVIII.

Mercury and a Carpenter.

A CARPENTER dropping his *Ax* in a *River*;
He to MERCURY pray'd that his *Tool* he'd
deliver.

The *God* was so kind he div'd instantly down,
And a *Golden one* brought and gave to the *Clown*. }

Why this, says the Fellow, is none of my own.

So he went down again and a *Silver one* got:

And this, says he, neither don't fall to my *Lot*.

But trying again his Luck was so good,

That he brought up an *Ax* with a *Handle* of *Wood*.

Says the CARPENTER, this is the *Tool* that I lost.

Well, says MERCURY to him, since thou art
so just

I'll give thee all three. This *Story* soon spread,

Till a *Rascal* at last had got it in's Head,

That he would again the *Experiment* make;

And so in all haste He repairs to a *Lake*;

Where sniv'ling he sate, and to cover the *Matter*,

Pretended h'had dropp'd his *Ax* in the *Water*.

When

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When MERCURY heard him, who it seems was
just by,

The good-natur'd God for his Ax went to try ;
And up in an instant he brought one of Gold,
Which the Rascally Fellow to own was so bold.
Vile Wretch! says the God, dost thou think to trick
me,

Who view all thou dost, and clear thro' thy Heart
see.

The MORAL.

He that's the Searcher of all Hearts
Cannot be trick'd by any Arts ;
And will not fail to take his time
To punish or reward a Crime.

REFLECTION.

Heaven loves the honest Man, but hates the
Knave,
And most of all the base dissembling Slave.
Hypocrisy's a Vice of that Degree,
'Tis of all others the Epitome.
Treason and Murder, Sacrilege and Pride,
Are all to th' Fiend Hypocrisy ally'd.

This

This *Fable* represents the *diff'rent Fate*
Of those that *worship God thro' Love or Hate*:
The one his *Truth* and *Probity* retains,
And meets *Rewards* and *Blessings* for his Pains;
The other's *Tricks* the *angry God* *disdains*.

F A B. CXXIX.

A *Fox* and *Grapes*.

IT happen'd in that very *Age*,
When *FOXES* would as far *engage*
To get a *Bunch* of *GRAPES*, as now
They'll for a *Joynt* of *Mutton* do.
One of those *FOXES* chanc'd to see
A tempting *Cluster* on a *Tree*,
And many a *Leap* he fetch'd: At last,
Finding that all his *Hopes* were past,
Hang 'em, says he, they're *soure* at best;
So makes his *Disappointment*, *Jest*.

F A B. CXXX.

A **W**olf and a **L**yon.

A LYON and a WOLF one Day
 Together went to hunt for *Prey* :
 Hark ! says the WOLF, I *Bleatings* hear,
 I'll pawn my Life some *Sheep* are near ;
 And, with your Leave, I'll go and try
 To make some *Purchase* instantly.
 Away he goes, follows his *Ear*,
 Till to a *Sheepfold* he came near ;
 But found it so well fortify'd,
 The *Dogs* asleep so near beside,
 That back he to the LYON flew,
 And told him there were *Sheep*, 'tis true ;
 But then, says he, so *lean* they are,
 They're neither worth our *Pains* or *Care*.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

'Tis Matter both of Skill and Sense,
 To shew a wise Indifference,
 When we can't fairly compass that
 Which w're endeavouring to be at.

R E F L E C T I O N.

By *Disappointments* we may *Gainers* be,
In making *Virtue* of *Necessity*.

No Man's unhappy, if he keep but clear
Of those two dang'rous *Passions*, *Hope* and *Fear* :
These *flatter*, or *alarm* and 'tice us on,
Until by *One* or *Both* we are undone.

The *FOX* and *WOLF* two great *Examples* shew,
What we should under *Disappointments* do.
The *Sheep* were *Carrion*, and the *Grapes* were *Soure* :
And what's the *Cause* ? They'd neither in their *Pow'r*.

And now would Men but like these *Brutes* be wise,
And *Disappointments* with a *Jest* disguise,
'Twould help to stop the Mouth of *Common Fame*,
And much divert the *Scandal* and the *Blame*.

F A B. CXXXI.

A Boy and a Snake.

AS a BOY was a groping for *Eels* in a *Lake*,
 He happen'd to lay his Hand on a *SNAKE*,
 Who finding the thing was done by *Mistake*,

Says she to the *Lad*, Be *admonish'd* by *Me*,
 As you're well at present, so from *Danger* keep free,
 As you will not be long if meddling you'll be.

The M O R A L.

'Tis the *Intention* and the *Will*
 Makes all our *Actions* good or ill.
 E'en *Brutes* themselves a *Diff'rence* make,
 'Twixt *Harms* o'th' *Will* and of *Mistake*.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Wisdom and *Justice* both distinguish still,
 'Twixt *accidental* *Faults* and *Faults* o'th' *Will*.
 All the whole *World* is subject to *Mistake*,
 The *Good* for *Bad*, the *Bad* for *Good* we take ;

The

The only *Diff'rence* in the *Emblem* lies,
There are some SNAKES will *bite* us by *Surprize*.

F A B. CXXXII.

A Fowler and a Partridge.

A PARTRIDGE taken in a *Net*,
Did to the FOWLER say,
Provided he would spare her *Life*,
Her *Fellows* she'd *betray*.

No, says the Man, you surely *die*
For being such a *Knave*,
To offer to *betray* your *Friends*,
That you your self may *save*.

The M O R A L.

Of all the lewdest Offices,
That of a Traitor basest is:
'Tis hateful to the last Degree,
And ruins all Society.

R E F L E C T I O N.

*Treachery's a Vice beyond the common Size,
 All Honour, Truth and Justice it defies:
 And tho' perhaps it sometimes useful be,
 Yet those it serves abhor the Villany.
 Both God and Man all Treach'rous Villains shun,
 And those that use 'em often, are undone.*

*All Traitors are but mercenary Knaves,
 And he betrays himself such Rascals saves :
 And this the FOWLER knew. Vile Wretch, says he,
 Thou dy'st the rather for thy Perfidy :
 I will not such a faithless Vermin trust,
 That to his Fellow Creatures proves unjust.*

*Now what can we to those base Villains say,
 That eat the Bread of him they wou'd Betray.
 That dip their Fingers in their Master's Dish,
 And the same Moment his Destruction wish.*

F A B. CXXXIII.

A Hare and a Tortoise.

SAYS a HARE to a TORTOISE, how heavy
you be!

And yet, says the TORTOISE, I dare run with
Thee.

'Tis done, says the HARE ; and so by Consent
The Fox was made Judge, and to Starting they
went.

The TORTOISE to th' end of the Course kept his
Pace,

But the HARE took a Nap in the midst of the Race:
For, says he, I can fetch him again when I please.
But it seems he so long lay napping at ease,
That the TORTOISE was got so near to the
Post,

That before he could reach him the *Wager* was
lost.

The M O R A L.

Up and be going is the Rule
That's taught in ev'ry wife Man's School.

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*He that will end his Journey soon,
Must never go to sleep at Noon.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

By this we see the *Danger* of *Delay* :
'Tis *Perseverance* only wins the Day.
The *wisest Men* the present Time prefer,
There's no *To Morrows* in their *Kalendar* :
Still like the TORTOISE they keep plodding on,
And never stop before the *Wager's* won.

F A B. CXXXIV.

Apples and Horse-Turds.

A *Dunghill* and an APPLE-HEAP
Upon a *Current* lay ;
At length a sudden fall of *Rain*
Carry'd them *Both* away.

They *danc'd* together down the *Stream*,
As if they'd *Brethren* been ;
And all along the HORSE-TURDS cry'd,
Oh! how we APPLES *swim*.

F A B. CXXXV:

A Peach, an Apple and a Blackberry.

A PEACH and an APPLE had once a *Dispute*,
Which of *Them* was the best and fairest of
Fruit :

In the heat of *Discourse* they their *Voices* so rear'd,
That from the next *Hedge* a BLACKBERRY
heard.

Come come, says the BERRY, for Shame let's
agree,

Since we are all *Friends* no *Jangling* should be,

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

*All Things would greater seem to be,
Than they are in Reality ;
And whence does this vain Humour grow,
But first from thinking they are so.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

There runs through all the *World* this *Vanity*.
 All Men wou'd better than their *Equals* be,
 And ev'ry useless Coxcomb still cries [WE.]
 [We] cries the *Fellow* carries *Guts* to th' *Bears*;
 [We] says the *Catchpole*, the *King's Officers* :
 [We] cries the *Scum* o'th' *Nation* at the *Bar* :
 In ev'ry *Cause* your [Weing] *Scoundrels* are.
 WE sav'd our *Country*, says the *Treach'rous Knaves*;
 WE, says the *Atbeist*, did *Religion* save,
 And WE the *Church*, says the *Apostate Slave*.
 Now what does all this [WEING] signify,
 But just the HORSE-TURDS to the APPLES Cry?

F A B. CXXXVI.

A Mole and her Dani.

SAYS a MOLE to her *Mother*, by the *Smell* that
 is here,

I know that some *Mulberry-Tree* must be near;
 And again, what a clatt'ring of *Hammers* I hear!

Says

Says the *Mother*, why *Daughter* how foolish you be!
 Instead of *one Sense* I find you want *three* ;
 You can *smell* and *bear* nothing, no more than you
see.

The M O R A L.

*We very oft those Faults reveal
 That w'are too careful to conceal.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Such *Persons Stories* always worst are join'd,
 Who most to *Lies* and *Boastings* are inclin'd:
 Nor would their *Frailties* half so publick be,
 Unless proclaim'd by their own *Vanity*.

F A B. CXXXVII.

**Wasps, Partridges and a
 Husbandman.**

SOME WASPS and PARTRIDGES wanting
Water,

Went to a *Farmer* on the *Matter,*

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And *begg'd* a *Soop* ; then offer'd too
What in Return for him they'd do.
One wou'd his House from Thieves secure ;
Th' other his *Vineyard* wou'd manure.
Pray, says the *Good Man*, hold your Hand,
I have no need on *Terms* to stand ;
I've *Dogs* and *Oxen* of my own,
By whom these *Offices* are done ;
And therefore it becomes me first
To my own *Servants* to be *just*.

The M O R A L, &c.

*That Charity begins at home, is true ;
But yet the Vertue's universal too.*

F A B. CXXXVIII.

Jupiter and a Serpent.

ALL *Creatures* on his *Wedding-Day*,
To JUPITER did Presents pay ;
A SERPENT, with the rest, did bring
A *Rose* to him for *Offering* :

He

He lik'd the *Thing* ; But yet, says he,
No SERPENT's *Present's* fit for me.

THE MORAL.

*He that from ill Men Presents takes,
A sort of Friendship with them makes ;
And therefore wise Men won't receive
Presents that vicious Persons give.*

REFLECTION.

Presents are often but a gilded Bait,
Imploy'd by *Knaves* to cover some Deceit ;
On which account a wise Man will not take
The Gifts that *Lewd* or *Artful Persons* make.
He knows such *Presents* but himself expose,
Therefore as JOVE refus'd the SERPENT's *Rose*,
He'll take no Gift from Men of evil *Fame*,
And so avoids the *Scandal* and the *Blame*.

F A B. CXXXIX.

Flea and a Man.

A *Fellow* finding something prick,
 Did on a FLEA his Finger stick.
 Sure, says the MAN, you're very rude,
 To suck from me your *Livelihood*.
 Why, says the FLEA, I only do't,
 As I'm by *Nature* prompted to't ;
 Besides, if you'd take things together,
 My *Stinging* is not *Mortal* neither.
 But, says the MAN, 'tis *Troublesome*,
 Which I'll prevent for time to come.

The M O R A L.

*Things that are troublesome, altho'
 No mighty Mischief they can do,
 They're hateful and a Nuisance too.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

The *World* affords a thousand *Instances*,
 Of *Persons* like this *Fellow* bit by FLEAS.

All our *Distraction*, *Jealousie*, and *Fear*,
 In most *Respects* but like *Flea-Bittings* are,
 And, like them too, admit no other *Cure*,
 Than what the *Fellow* made this FLEA endure.

F A B. CXL.

A Flea and Hercules.

A Fellow being bit by a FLEA, the *dull Whelp*,
 On HERCULES call'd to lend him his Help.
 The FLEA hops away, and the *ignorant Elf*
 The *Matter expostulates* thus with himself:
 Well, HERCULES, you that refuse to assist me,
 When only a pitiful FLEA does resist me;
 When I am *attack'd* by a *Thing* of more Force,
 I expect that you'll then desert me in Course.

The M O R A L.

Men call on God for *Trifles*, and, what's worse,
 If they han't what they ask, they'll Swear and Curse.

R E F L E C T I O N.

There's nothing in a *Christian* can be worse,
 Than when he makes his *Prayers* Words of *Course*,
 Or, what's as bad, puts up a needless *Pray'r*,
 (For that's below *Omnipotence* to hear)
 And like this *Fool* takes Pet, if HERCULES
 Won't come and help him to *destroy* the FLEAS.

F A B. CXLI.

A Man and Two Wives.

A *Middle-ag'd* MAN, half *Grey*, half *Brown*,
 A Fancy in his Noddle come,
 He'd have a Brace of WIVES.
 The *Women* understood their Trade,
 And so to please their *Husband*, made
 The *Bus'ness* of their *Lives*.

The chief *Concern* of all's his *Hair*,
 Which that it might alike appear,
 They still kept picking on:
 The *Elder* pluck'd the *Brown* away,
 The *Younger* she pluck'd out the *Grey*,
 Until they left him none.

The M O:

The M O R A L.

*That Man's a Fool, indeed, that strives
At once to please a Brace of Wives.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*A disproportion'd Marriage is a Cure
That none but Fools will venture to endure.
Minds are so hardly match'd, that e'en the first,
Tho' Pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise were Curs'd:
Then who can pity this old Fellow's Case,
That in his Dotage needs wou'd have a Brace?*

F A B. CXLII.

Two Frogs that wanted Water.

TWO FROGS when the *Lakes* and the
Ponds were grown dry,
Were forc'd to march off for some *Water* to try,
And whilst they were searching, a deep *Well* they
spy.

Without

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Without looking further, *says One*, Let's go down :
Says the Other more gravely, Why that may be done ;
But then, if the *Water* shou'd fail in the *Well*,
Then how to get out again, pray can you tell ?

THE MORAL.

This for a Maxim we should keep,
Always to look before we leap.

REFLECTION.

Wise Men the *Consequence* of Things debate,
For swift *Resolves* are seldom fortunate.
Above the rest we shou'd with *Caution* view,
What's fit for us, and what's unfit to do.
The *Die* once cast, 'tis after that too late,
To change the *Chance* that is decreed by *Fate*.

Tho' press'd by *Wants*, yet still we shou'd *Reflect*,
How best we may those *pressing Wants* correct ;
And if we find the *Terms* exceed the *Cure*,
With *Patience* then those *pressing Wants* endure.

F A B. CXLIII.

A **Dog** and a **Cock** upon a Journey.

A DOG and a COCK.

A *Journey* once took,
And jogging along till 'twas late,
The DOG with a *Tree*
That was hollow made free,
And the COCK on the *Boughs* of it fate.

The COCK nothing knowing,
At his Hour fell a Crowing,
Upon which comes a *Fox* to the *Tree*.
Says the *Vermin*, By *Jove*,
Your Voice is above
All the *Creatures* I ever yet see.

Oh! would you come down,
I this *Favour* might own.
Says the COCK, There's a *Porter* below,
If he'll open the Door,
I'll come down t'ye, be sure:
So he went, and was worry'd for't too.

The M O R A L.

*The Bus'ness of the World i'th' main,
Is only Trick for Trick again.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Who can forbear a little *Ridicule*,
To see a *Knave* outwitted by a *Fool*?
This was the *Fox's Case*; *Fine Words*, thinks he,
Will fetch this *Bawling Coxcomb* from the *Tree*:
To hear you *sing*, says he, how I *rejoice*!
Come down, that I may hug you for your *Voice*.

The *COCK* by *Instinct* took the Matter quick,
And so defeats him by a *Counter Trick*.
And thus *Experience* often makes *Fools wise*,
Whilst crafty *Knaves* are taken by *Surprize*.

When Men too far upon their *Tricks* depend,
They very oft in their *Destruction* end.

F A B. CXLIV.

A Bat, Bramble, & a Cormorant.

A BAT, a BRAMBLE, and a CORM'RANT
agree,

That they would *join Stocks*, and in *Partnership* be.
The BAT's *Part* in *Money* h'had *borrow'd*, all was;
The BRAMBLE's was *Cloaths*, and the CORMO-
RANT's *Brass*;

And so to the *Sea* they set out all together,
Where the *Vessel* and *Cargoe* was lost in bad *Weather*;
But the *Partners* all three got safe to the *Shore*,
And from that Day to this ne'er *Merchandiz'd* more.
The BAT's of his *Creditors* so very shy,
That only i'th' *Night* he ventures to fly;
The BRAMBLE all *Cloaths* that near to him come,
Lays hold on, in hopes to light on his own;
And the CORMORANT saunters along the *Sea-side*,
To watch if his *Brass* be thrown up by the *Tide*.

The MORAL.

Nothing can some Misfortunes cure,
But still the Marks of them endure.

REFLECTION.

The Things at first on which Men fix the *Mind*,
 To them for Life are more or less *Inclin'd*.
 An *Evil Habit* can't be *cur'd* with *Ease*,
 But still hangs on us like a slow *Disease*.
 Thus these *Advent'ers*, when the *Stock* was lost,
 The Thoughts of that was always uppermost.

Upon the whole the Doctrine's only *this*,
 We should not fix upon *Uncertainties*,
 But with *Indiff'rence* bear *Contingencies*.

F A B. CXLV.

A Lark taken in a Net.

A LARK once taken in a *Net*,
 And very near her *Fate*,
 Most sadly with the *Bird-Catcher*
 Did thus *expostulate*.

Alas!

Alas! says she, I am no Thief,
I've stole none of your Gold;
And must I die because I have
With one poor Corn made bold?

The M O R A L.

*When th' Adversary's Judge and Party,
Reas'nings are vain tho' ne'er so hearty.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

'Tis a strange Hazard that some People run
In search of Trifles, till they're quite undone;
And yet methinks that's but a lame Pretence
For Men in Pow'r to injure Innocence:
But so 'tis thro' the World in general,
Int'rest, Design and Party govern all.

F A B. CXLVI.

A Miser burying his Gold.

A Certain rich Churl sold all his Estate,
And the Money he got for't converted to Plate;
Which

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Which he carefully *hid* under Ground in a *Hole*,
And with it he *bury'd* his *Heart* and his *Soul*.
But as ev'ry *Morning* a *visit* he made it,
At length one *discover'd* the Place where he laid it,
And came in the Night and took it away :
Upon which when the *Wretch* came there the next
Day,

There's nothing his Anger and Grief cou'd assuage.
Says a Neighbour, Why, Friend, what means all
this Rage ?

Why you had no Money, and so you lost none :
The Money to you was no more than a Stone ;
For since when you had it you to spend it refuse,
You cannot want that which you never would use.

The M O R A L.

Wealth's but a Burden and a Snare
To those that never use it dare.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Content's the chiefest *Treasure* of the *Mind*,
And happy *Those* so sure a *Blessing* find :
'Tis that gives real *Worth* to all we have :
Without *Content* *Mankind's* a *gen'ral* *Slave*.

How wretched is the MISER 'midst his *Store*,
Broods o'er his *Gold* and hourly pines for more!
Wrack'd with his *Cares* and *tortur'd* with *Desire*,
 That still, like *Flames*, by feeding them, mount
 high'r.

His Gains augment his *unextinguish'd Thirst*;
 With *Plenty* poor, and with *Abundance* curst.

Such *Wretches* never think what they *possess*
 Takes its *true Value* from its *Usefulness*:
 They ne'er reflect the *Heavens* their *Inst'ence* flow,
 Without a stop on all the *World* below.

Now from this great *Example* we may see
 At once the *Sin* and *Curse* of *Penury*:
 And so conclude he breaks a *Sacred Trust*
 That *hides his Treasure* in a *Hole* to *rust*.

F A B. CXLVII.

A Stag with one Eye.

A *One-ey'd* STAG of *Huntsmen* much in dread,
Still t'wards the *Land* wou'd keep a *watch-ful* Eye;

And near the *Sea* would always chuse to feed,
Because from thence he thought no *Danger* nigh.

But comes a *mortal Arrow* from a *Boat*

And struck him to the Heart. Alas! says he,
Here I'm *destroy'd* where safe my self I thought,
And safe where most I *fear'd* Security:

The M O R A L.

Men subject are to Accident,
No Care or Foresight can prevent:
However we should do our best,
And leave to Providence the rest.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Whate'er we *Mortals* hope, or fear, or love,
Depends entirely on the *Pow'rs* above:

They

They move our *Appetites* to Good or Ill,
And by Foresight neceffitate the *Will*.

Mankind, like this poor STAG, has a *blind Side*;
Ambition, Av'rice, Lust, Revenge or Pride ;
And tho' secure in ev'ry other *Part*,
Strike him in one of these you reach his Heart :
Besides he open lies to *Accidents*
No *Human Wisdom*, no *Foresight* prevents.
This STAG did all he cou'd in *Prudence* do,
And yet we see the *Fate* that must ensue.
And thus *Heaven* guides the *World* by *Ways* un-
known,
And will allow no *Methods* but its own.

F A B. CXLVIII.

A Stag and a Lyon.

A STAG by *Huntsmen* close pursu'd,
Runs to a LYON's *Den*,
And when his *Death* approaching view'd,
Reflects, but not till then.

Oh

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Oh *wretched Creature* that I am,
Says he, from *Men* to *fly*
Into the *Clutches* of a *Beast*
Of far more *Cruelty* !

The M O R A L.

E'en in our Ruine oft we see
A diff'rence in the Misery,
And Men condemn'd will strive to gain
A Death that's least expos'd to Pain.

R E F L E C T I O N.

What happen'd to this STAG, we often see
Exemplify'd by Men in *Misery* :
To shun Oppression they for Refuge fly,
But where they *hop'd Protection*, there they die.

F A B. CXLIX.

A Goat and a Vine.

A GOAT that by *Huntsmen* was very hard
press'd,
Got under a VINE and lay close down to *Rest* ;

But

But as soon as the *Danger* was over, he thought,
Falls to *browse* on the *Leaves* his *Security* wrought :
This, it seems, made a Noise ; so the *Huntsmen*
repair

Again to the *Vineyard*, and *search* with more Care ;
Upon which he was found, and *shot* for his Pains :
He *dy'd*, and *expiring* thus sadly complains ;
This *Death*, I must own, is no more than my *Due*,
Since to my *Protector* I've been so untrue.

THE MORAL.

Religion and Society
Perverted by th' Ungrateful be,
Because in such a Case there lie
Dangers, e'en in Humanity.

REFLECTION.

Were all our *Crimes amass'd* into one *Ball*,
Ingratitude would comprehend them all ;
And yet look thro' the *World* and you shall view
Millions this *base*, this *horrid Vice* pursue.

Nothing's more common than to see those *Knaves*
Their *injur'd Prince* for one *Rebellion* save,

Start

Start up *another* ; and if *that* won't do,
 They'll start *another*, and another too.
 But so it always was, and so will be,
 Till *Human Nature's* from *Corruption* free.

F A B. CL.

An **Ass**, a **Lyon**, and a **Cock**.

WHilst once, like *Friends*, an **ASS** and
COCK

Together *feeding* were,
 Up comes a **LYON** open mouth'd ;
 The **COCK** *screams* out, *Beware*.

With *Horror struck* the **LYON** flies,
 And after him the **ASS** ;
 Who had the *Vanity* to think
 By him so scar'd he was.

But he no sooner from the **COCK**
 Was out of *Hearing* gone,
 But he in Pieces tore the *Fool*,
 With this *Reflection*.

Let never *Creature* after this,
 Provoke a LYON dare,
 Who neither *Wit* or *Prudence* has,
 Nor *Courage* of a *Hare*.

THE MORAL.

No Pow'r *Aversion* can withstand;
 Its Force admits of no Command.
 Fools that are valiant in Conceit,
 Run forward without Fear or Wit.

REFLECTION.

Reason is lost when she pretends to try,
 To find the Cause of fix'd *Antipathy*.
Aversion knows no Rules, yields to no Force,
 But, like the *Laws* of *Nature*, keeps its Course.

This for the LYON is a good Excuse;
 But what can this rash senceless ASS produce?
 His violent Transport is his only Plea,
 And that's but what our Modern ASSES say,
 When they are ruin'd in this ASS's Way.

F A B. CLI.

A Gardener and his Dog.

A GARD'NER's DOG upon a time,
A Well by chance drop'd in,
 And down his Master went himself
 To help him up again.

He reach'd his Hand to lift him out,
 The Cur his *Fingers bit*,
 Because he thought that he design'd
 To duck him deeper yet :

On which his *Master* left him there.
 I'm rightly serv'd, says he,
 To take such *Pains* to *save* a Cur
 Will not *preserved* be.

The M O R A L.

All Obligations, Pains and Cost,
Are on two sorts of People lost ;
Those their true Value do not know,
And those Insensible when so.

REFLECTION.

No *Benefits* those *Snappish Curs* can bind,
 Who to good *Faith* and *Gratitude* are blind:
 And in *Effect* the *Base* are much the same,
 When *Men* well us'd, their *Benefactors* blame,
 Or like this *Cur* don't look from whence it came. }

Upon the whole this *Emblem* lets us see,
 That *Knaves* and *Fools* are but bad *Company*.

F A B. CLII.

A SOW and a DOG.

TWIXT a SOW and a DOG a Quarrel ensu'd,
 And the SOW swore by *Venus*, if he was
 so *Rude*,
 She'd tear out his *Guts*. Ay, Ay, says the *Cur*,
 You do very well to call upon *Her*,
 Who *abominates Swines Flesh*, and will not permit
 Any Creature about her that eats the least *Bit*.
 That's her *Love*, says the SOW; but no more
 shall be said,
 DOGS *Flesh* is not good either *Living* or *Dead*.

The M O R A L.

*Where Argumēts admit no Proof,
A Turn of Art must bring things off.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*Where Arguments and Force of Reason fail,
Presence of Mind and Turns of Art avail:
In such a Case it gains a Man Reputation,
If he but only traverse the Dispute.*

F A B. CLIII.

A Sow and a Bitch.

A SOW and BITCH had a Dispute,
Which of them was the fruitfullst Brute;
The SOW submits, but bid her mind,
That all her Puppies were born Blind.

The M O R A L.

*It is not who does most, but best,
Carries the Quest'on from the rest.*

REFLECTION.

*Fools, Men and Things for Numbers most prefer,
But Wise Men prize 'em for their Character.*

F A B. CLIV.

A Snake and a Crab.

A SNAKE and a CRAB a *Friendship* contracted;

The CRAB was *downright* in all he *transacted*,
And *advis'd* his *Companion* his *Tricks* to give o'er,
And to *practice Good Faith*, and to *shuffle* no more:
But the SNAKE still kept on; so the CRAB on a
Night,

In his Sleep set upon him, and *strangl'd* him quite.
As he lay *stretch'd at length*, says he, Without doubt,
Had you *liv'd* as you *dy'd*, this had never fell out.

The M O R A L.

*The Frank and Well bred Gen'rous Man,
Is still the best Companion.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Ill-natur'd *Brutes* no *Counsel* can reclaim ;
 The *Cause* is fix'd, and they'll be still the same :
 In spite of all the *Cautions* we can take,
 They'll always keep the *Tamper* of the SNAKE.

F A B. CLV.

A **Shepherd** and a **Wolf's Whelp**.

A SHEPHERD that a WOLF's WHELP
 seiz'd,

Among his *Dogs* he let him go :
 The *Brute* grew on, and seem'd well pleas'd,
 With them to *Hunt* the *Wolf* went too.

But when the *Wolf* made his Escape,
 And all the *Dogs* went weary home,
 This *Vermin* still wou'd forward make,
 Till to his *Brethren* up he come.

And

And after they had shar'd the *Prey*,
Of which he always took his Part,
Then home again he'd make his way;
And this he did with wondrous *Art*.

But afterwards it happen'd so,
The *Wolves* abroad in quiet lay,
He to the *Flock* would private go,
And there a *Sheep* or two would *slay*.

But in *Conclusion* thus it was,
The *Shepherd* came to find the *Thing*,
And without reas'ning long the *Case*,
He hang'd his *WOLFSHIP* in a *String*.

THE MORAL.

Men that like Wolves are false by Nature,
Will always be the self same Creature:
A Leaven in their Blood will be,
E'en to the last o'th' Family.

REFLECTION.

Bad Dispositions are like Mercury,
They never can intirely alter'd be.

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Domestick Wolves, like *Wolves* in *Woods* reside,
May for a time their *Wolfish* Tempers hide,
But still the *Cause* in *Nature* will abide.

The gen'ral Practice of the World explains,
The Moral which the Fable here contains:
The WHELPS of WOLVES in ev'ry Corner creep,
And worry Men, as Forest WOLVES do Sheep.

If we look round, a World of These we see,
Cull'd from the Herd o'th' Common Enemy:
Pity indeed, to make the Emblem true,
Like this WOLF's WHELP, they do not meet
their due.

F A B. CLVI.

A Lion, Fox, and Wolf.

THE Monarch of the Beasts grown Old and Sick,
All but the FOX their constant Visits paid:
The WOLF to play his Friend, the FOX a Trick,
On this Occasion to the LION said.

Nothing

Nothing (I can assure your Majesty)
 But *Reynard's Pride* and boundless *Impudence*,
 Prevents him now to bear us *Company*,
 Whilst we, as *Duty binds*, attend our *Prince*.

The FOX, who *accidentally* o'er-heard,
 Himself before the *Angry Monarch* threw,
 And humbly begg'd he might so long be spar'd,
 Till he the WOLF's *Suggestions* prov'd untrue.

Sir, I'll presume my *Loyalty*, says he,
 Equal at least to any *Subject's* here,
 And that e'en now to *serve Your Majesty*,
 There's none has taken half the *Pains* and *Care*.

Both far and near I've *hunted* up and down,
Med'cines to find your *pretious Life* to save:
 At length the *Gods* have kindly offer'd *One*,
 That I'll be bound the *wish'd Effect* will have.

What is it? says the LION; let me hear.
 Why nothing, says the FOX, but a WOLF's *Skin*,
 Which from his *Hide alive* you ought to *tear*,
 And whilst 'tis *warm*, *wrap* your whole *Body* in.

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The WOLF stood by ; and *Reynard smiling* spoke,

I hope, Sir, for the future you'll be wise,
And not your *Prince* to Cruelty provoke,
But with his *Subjects* gentle be, advise.

The M O R A L.

'A Pickthank's Office is a Vice,
Of all the rest retains some Spice ;
And yet to see two Rascals shuffle,
There's some Diversion in the Scuffle:

R E F L E C T I O N.

Pickthunks, tho' *Scoundrels* to the last Degree,
There's scarce a Place is from such *Vermin* free :
Both Church and State, the Cabinet, the Bar,
With these *Pernicious Knaves* infested are.

What can be worse, when such *vile Slaves* as these
Obtain *Belief*, and get the *Knack* to please ?
And yet 'tis some *Diversion*, I will grant,
To hear a WOLF a subtle FOX supplant ;
And 'tis some *Pleasure* too to draw the Scene,
And see the FOX supplant the WOLF again:

F A B. CLVII.

A Wife and a Drunken Husband.

A WOMAN who a HUSBAND had
A very *Fuddling Sot*,
Into a *Charnel-House*, *dead drunk*,
With some *Assistance* got.

When she had left him till she thought
He might *recover'd* be,
Up to the Door she goes and knocks :
Who's there ? Who's there ? says he.

'Tis one, says she, whose Business is
To bring the Dead their Meat.
Oh, says the *Toper*, bring me *Drink*,
I'd rather *Drink* than *Eat*.

Ay! says the WOMAN ; is it so?
Then I'll let him alone ;
There is no curing of a *Vice*
When 'tis *Habitual* grown.

The MORAL.

*Nothing almost can change our State,
When Habits are Inveterate.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

The Mén to vicious Habits long inur'd,
If ever, are with Difficulty cur'd:
Like Gangreens they infect our Noble Parts,
Corrupt the Brain, and next they seize our Hearts.

All Sensual Pleasures have the same Effect,
On Souls and Bodies, Minds and Intellects.

F A B. CLVIII.

A Swan and a Goose.

There was a Master of a House,
Brought up at once a SWAN and GOOSE;
The One was to indulge his Ear,
The Other was for Belly-Fare.

-Soon

Soon after this he Orders gave,
That he'd the GOOSE for Dinner have:
But so it chanc'd, the heedless Cook,
Tth' Dark the One for t'Other took,
And the SWAN's Neck had doubtless wrung,
If she had not that Instant sung.

The M O R A L.

*When any Creature's Life's at Stake,
We should a strict Enquiry make.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Reason was given to Man for that Intent,
That he should Think, and distant Ills prevent.
Wise Men by Chance will nothing undertake,
But first reflect before they Judgment make,
And rarely fall under this Cook's Mistake.

F A B. CLIX.

The Washing of a Blackmoor.

A Man bought a BLACK upon strong Supposition,
That by keeping him clean he might change
his Condition : He

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He carrys him home, and to try his *Projection*,
Falls to *scrubbing* and *washing* to change his *Com-*
plexion;

But all was in vain, he continu'd *Black* still,
Besides, by his *tamp'ring* the *Creature* grew ill.

F A B. CLX.

A Raven and a Swan.

A RAVEN that *White* as a SWAN wou'd
needs be,
From his *Washing* and *Food* comes his *Beauty*,
thinks he ;

Upon which his old *Course* of Life he forsakes,
And betook himself quite to the *Rivers* and *Lakes* :
But as Water no good to his Colour would do,
So for want of *Substance* he lost his *Life* too.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

Our Inclinations sometimes may
Be chang'd and turn'd another Way ;
But no Defacings, no Disguise,
Can change *Specifick* Properties.

REFLECTION.

He that to change the *Works* of *Nature* tries,
Vainly attempts *Impossibilities*.

There is no alt'ring the *Eternal Will*;
What was, is now, and must remain so still.

F A B. CLXI.

A Swallow and a Crow.

BETWIXT a SWALLOW and a CROW,
Which had most *Beauty* of the Two,
There happen'd a *Dispute*.

Yours only does in *Spring* appear,
Mine, says the CROW, lasts many Year,
And that must you *confute*.

The M O R A L.

*When Things in equal Worth excel,
That's Best that is most durable.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Those *Human Blessings* that exceed the rest,
 Are those that longest last and are the *best* :
 All others are but like the SWALLOW's here,
 Just seen in *Spring* and then they disappear.

F A B. CLXII.

A Nightingal and a Bat.

AS in her *Cage* a NIGHTINGAL
 One *Evening* at a *Window* sat,
 And *singing* as 'twas usual,
 She's thus accosted by a BAT.

How comes it in the *Day* that you
 Are never heard to *sing* of late?
 Why, says the *Bird*, to tell you true,
Singing i'th' Day procur'd my *Fate*.

Says t'other, You had then done *right*
 If you had thought of this before ;
 But now what signifies the *Night*
 Since they have got you in their *Pow'r*.

The M O.

The M O R A L.

*Bad Reasons when the Thing is done,
In all Respects are worse than none.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Things that are past we would recall in vain,
By such Attempts we aggravate our Pain;
The most in such a Case that can be done,
Is from Mistakes to learn Precaution:
The Glass of Human Life behind is plac'd,
And shews us what's to come by what is past.

F A B. CLXIII.

A Boy and Cockles.

SOME People roasting COCKLES were,
That hiss'd and crackl'd in the Fire.
These are strange Creatures, says a BOY,
To sing whilst Flames their Cells destroy.

The M O.

The M O R A L.

*There's nothing squares with Sense or Reason,
Or can be well that's out of Season.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

There is a *Time* for *Earnest* and for *Fest*,
And Men that *Time* too shou'd distinguish first:
Nothing more *brutal*, *mean* and *vile* can be
Than to *insult* a *Wretch* in *Misery*.

F A B. CLXIV.

Two Travellers and a Bag
of Money.

TWO TRAVELLERS were jogging on,
And as they kept the *Way*,
One *stoops* and taking something up,
Did to the other say,

I've found a BAG of MONEY here.

Says t'other, don't say [I];

For when two Friends together are,

You shou'd, [We] found it, cry.

The Word was hardly pass'd before

A *Hue* and *Cry* was come,

To search for *Thieves* who just before

A *Robbery* had done.

Brother, said he that had the BAG,

W'are *ruin'd* both, I vow.

Fie! says the other, don't say [We],

But [I] am *ruin'd* now.

For if o'th' MONEY that is found

I am to have no *Share*,

Should I i'th' *Hanging* stand your *Halves*,

I think would not be fair.

THE MORAL.

Those that a Partnership will make,

Should Bad and Good together take.

R E F L E C T I O N.

*Reason and Nature make this Doctrine clear,
 Who shares no Profit, should no Danger share ;
 And yet look thro' the World and you shall find,
 This [Weing] Humour running thro' Mankind.
 W'are Friends and Partners till [We] snatch the Gain,
 But when that's done W'are Enemies again ;
 Or when there's Danger comes [We] change the
 Cry,
 Then it must be no longer [We] but [I].*

F A B. CLXV.

Two Neighbouring-Frogs.

TWO FROGS that were Friends and liv'd
 near one another,

The one in a Pond, by a *Way-side* the other.

The Pond-FROG perceiving the *Waters decay*,

Invited the FROG that liv'd by the Way

To come to the *Pool* where she might live safe ;

But she by no means wou'd consent to march off :

And

And what was th' Event, but to end all her *Strife*,
A *Cart-wheel* run o're her and *crush'd* out her *Life*.

THE MORAL:

*Some are such slothful, listless Elves,
They will not stir to help Themselves;
But in a Ditch will starve and die,
Before they'll seek a Remedy.*

REFLECTION.

Here in the *Figure* of the FROG we see,
A *Life* of *Sloth* in its Epitomy:
So lazy or so obstinate she was,
Nothing could gain her from her wonted *Place*;
She'd rather stay by the *Way-side* and die,
Than move a Step to seek a *Remedy*,

All Idle Persons the same Method take,
And so their *Lives* a *Curse* and *Scandal* make.

F A B. CLXVI.

A Bee-Master.

A *Thief* to a *Bee-Garden* come,
 And in the *Absence* of the *Man*,
 The *Honey* all took out :
 The *Man* soon the *Discovery* made,
 And for some time reflecting staid,
 How this should come about.

In the mean time the *BEEES* came Home,
 And finding that their *Combs* were gone,
 They on their *Master* fly.
 If this, says he, be then the *Case*,
 I find you're an *ungrateful Race*,
 A *senceless* Company.

Why would you let a *Stranger* go,
 That has so basely *rifl'd* you,
 And use your *Master* thus,
 That at this *Instant* beats his *Brain*,
 How you may be *repair'd* again ?
 Oh ! this is *Barbarous*,

The MORAL.

*'Tis usual as the World now goes,
For Men to take their Friends for Foes.*

REFLECTION.

Nothing in Nature's a more rash Mistake,
Than Friends for Foes, or Foes for Friends to take:
It does our Justice and our Prudence blame,
And is in all Professions much the same.
Yet there are Swarms, like these ungrateful BEES,
Their Keepers sting, and spare their Enemies,

F A B. CLXVII.

A Kingfisher.

THE KINGFISHER's a lonely Bird,
Frequents the Water side,
Creeps into Banks and Holes, that she
May from the Fowlers hide.

Whilst

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Whilst one of *these* was gone abroad

To get her *Young Ones Food*,

A *Torrent* came and *wash'd* away

Her *Nest* with all her *Brood*.

On which she sadly thus complains;

How wretched is my *Case*,

To fly from *Apprehensions*

Thus into *Danger's Face*!

The M O R A L.

Wise Men *by flying* one Mishap,

Oft fall into another's Lap;

Nay oft their Providence and Care,

The Cause of their Destruction are.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Through *Life's dark Maze* Mankind is doom'd
to run.

And backward tread the *Paths* he *strives* to shun.

Heaven has its *darling Creature*, Man, indu'd

With Reason, Judgment, Prudence, Fortitude;

And yet they're all too little to foresee

Things that must come, or what is not to be.

Still Human Life to *Danger* open lies,
 And there's no *Fence* against *Cantingencies* :
 The only Way that we can mend our State,
 Is *Silence*, and Submission to our Fate :
 Thus we the Troubles of our Lives *defeat*,
 And in the End secure a safe *Retreat*.

F A B. CLXVIII.

Fishing in Troubled Waters.

A FISHERMAN ord'ring his Net for his
Matter,

To fright in the FISH, kept *dashing* the *Water* ;
 Whilst some of the *Neighbours* that stood on the
Brink,

Condemn him for muddling the *Water* they *drink*.
 Well, well, says the Man, but the *Matter* lies here,
 I should catch not a FISH if the *Water* was clear.

The M O R A L.

When they can neither hear nor see
'Tis best to gain the Mobile :

N

Muddle

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*Muddle them first with Doubts and Fears,
They'll soon lug one another's Ears.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*This Allegory's often well apply'd
To those, for Gain, the Publick wou'd divide ;
Such Restless Men to burn the World desire,
Only to roast their Cockles by the Fire.
They deal in Tumults, in Commotions trade,
And first disturb the Waters they'd invade.*

F A B. CLXIX.

An Ape and a Dolphin.

P*People* of Old that went to Sea,
Puppies and APES would with them bear
To help to pass the Time away,
And play 'em Tricks whilst they were there.

One of those APES had the *Ill Luck*
In a great Storm *Aboard* to be ;
And when a *Rock* the Vessel *struck*,
Was forc'd to swim for *Company*.

A certain DOLPHIN there by chance
Supposing him to be a *Man*,
Upon his *Back* did him *advance*,
And with him t'wards the *Land* he ran,

When they to the *Pyræus* came,
The DOLPHIN of the APE would know,]
If he was an *Athenian*;
Yes, says the APE, an *old One* too.

Then says the DOLPHIN, you must know
Pyræus sure. I do, says he;
I've known him many Years ago,
He is my *Friend* exceedingly,

This *Impudence* the DOLPHIN took
In such *Disdain*, that from his *Back*
The *Vermin* with *Contempt* he shook,
And so he perish'd in the *Wrack*.

The M O R A L.

Bragging, Lying and Pretending,
Many a Man has brought t'*his* *Ending*.

REFLECTION.

*Pretending Fools will brag and lye and prate
Of Men and Things, and deep Intrigues of State :
They know all Books, all Sciences, all Arts,
And would be thought the only Men of Parts ;
When at the bottom they are merely APES,
Poor senseless Creatures wrap'd in Human Shapes.*

F A B. CLXX.

Mercury and a Statuary.

ONce MERCURY, who needs would know
His *Credit* in the *World* below,
Concludes that best it might be done,
The *Shape* of *Man* by putting on,
And then to talk it by the Bye
With some *ingenious Statu'ry*:
And so to one away he goes,
Who of the *Gods* some *Pieces* shows.
The first he bid him *Money* for,
Happen'd to be a *Jupiter*:

And

And finding that so *cheap* would come,
Then for a *Juno* ask'd what *Sum* ;
For which the *Carver* did *require*,
A *Price*, tho' small, yet something higher.
The *Figure* next he ask'd to buy
Bore his own *Shape*, a *MERCURY*,
With *Wings* and all his *Ensigns* on,
To shew his high *Commission*.
This to himself is *right*, says he,
It speaks my *Pow'r* and *Quality* ;
And now for this he'll ask, I'm sure,
Than for the *other*, ten times more ;
And so he put it to him, What
He valued his *Merc'ry* at.
Why, says the *Man*, you seem to me
One of so much *Civility*,
Give me my *Price* for th'*other* *Two*,
And take that into th' *Bargain* too.

The M O R A L.

*This is to shew the Vanity
Of those that prize themselves too high.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

[*The Saying's old, and yet it plain appears,
Good of himself the Listener never hears.*

Vain is the Man that like this MERCURY
Hankers for Praise and Popularity;
And wretched is he too, when in their place
He meets Contempt, Reproaches and Disgrace.

Yet some their Ensigns and their Charters boast,
Tho' like *this* God they are but Pimps at most.

F A B. CLXXI.

Mercury and Tiresias.

TO try if TIRESIAS deserv'd his *Great Name*,
A Plot into th' Head of MERCURY came:
He stole all the *Oxen*, and order'd it so,
When the News of it came, that he'd be there too.
So to him he went in the Shape of a *Man*,
And soon came the Tidings his *Oxen* were gone;
Upon which to the Top of a *Tower* hard by,
He took up the *God*, and bid him go try

What

What *Birds* he could see. Why an *Eagle*, says he
 An *Eagle* ? says t'other ; that's no *Bird* for me :
 Pray look round again. So he spy'd out a *Crow* :
 By the *Motions* she makes, says TIRESIAS, I know
 That there's a Man present, with a *great deal of Ease*,
 Can restore me my *Oxen* again, if he please.

THE MORAL.

*This Fable chiefly strikes at those,
 Their Whimsies on the World impose.*

REFLECTION.

Knaves set up *Jugglers*, which the *Fools* maintain ;
 And then the *Jugglers* set up *Knaves* again ;
 And so between 'em we shall never be,
 From *Knaves* and *Fools*, and *Juggling Rascals*, free.

F A B. CLXXII.

A Hound and a Mastiff.

A Man had once a *Brace* of *Dogs*,
 He kept for diff'rent Use ;
 One's *Business* was to *Hunt* the *Game*,
 T'other's to *Guard* the *House*.

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Now what the HOUND was wont to catch,
The MASTIFF still had Share ;
At which the Cur a Grumbling kept,
And cry'd it was not fair.

Says th' other, That's no Fault of mine,
To *Work* I am not *train'd* ;
And since it is my *Master's Will*,
I ought to be *maintain'd*.

The M O R A L.

Our Youth require our utmost Skill,
To train and educate them well.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Ruine and Vengeance overhang that State,
Neglects its Youth with Care to educate.
Youth unimprov'd degenerate, like some Seeds,
First run to Stalk, and then turn perfect Weeds ;
And so proceed till they destroy the Soil,
Choak all that's Good, and all that's Useful spoil.

F A B. CLXXIII.

An Unhappy Match.

THere was a *Man* some time agoe,
Whose *Wife* was such a wicked *Shrew*,
He ne're could be at *Ease*.
To make the best of a bad *Game*,
He to her *Father* sent the *Dame*,
To try if that would please.

Soon afterwards when he came there,
Says he, Pray how goe Matters here?
Says she, I do not know;
For there's not one i'th' *Family*
That can endure my *Company*,
As all their *Faces* shew.

Ah *Wife* ! (says he) if such as these,
That only see you when they please,
Cannot be free from *Strife*;
How wretched must your Husband be,
That's doom'd to keep you *Company*
For the long *Term* of *Life* ?

The M O R A L.

*When Man and Wife cannot agree,
Prudence as well as Modesty
Obliges Both to hide their Shame,
And make the best of a bad Game.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*Some Women so contentious are, so vile,
No Objects please, no Favours reconcile;
Pride or Revenge their chiefest Time employs,
And Affectation their whole Life destroys;
No Merit their Aversion can remove,
Their Hate's as fierce and senceless as their Love.*

*Fools they must have, or else they have no Sway;
For none but Fools will Womankind obey.
That Passive Slave that contradicts their Will,
He must, in Course, expect to be us'd ill:
The more he flatters, cringes, whines and dies,
The more they'll hate, the more they'll tyrannize.*

F A B. CLXXIV.

A **WOLF** and a **KID**.

A WOLF that spy'd a stragling KID,
 Pursu'd him very close,
 On which the KID turn'd round about,
 And thus he grew jocose :

I find, says he, I am to *die*,
 And since it must be so,
 Give me one *touch* upon your *Pipe*,
 I may with *Pleasure* go.

The WOLF he *play'd*, and the KID danc'd,
 On which the *Dogs* appear.

This comes of *meddling*, says the WOLF,
 Of *Things* beyond our *Sphere*.

The M O R A L.

Knaves, *tho' they're ne'er so sharp and quick,*
Are sometimes subject to a Trick.

R E F L E C T I O N.

The *Antient Morals* of this *Fable shew*,
 That all Men should their proper *Trades* pursue :
 To me it seems to have a greater *Sence*,
 And points at *Heaven's Regard* to *Innocence*.
 The *Caution's* plain : Oppressors hence beware ;
 The *Just*, tho' *weak*, are the Almighty's Care.

F A B. CLXXV.

A Fox and a Crab.

A CRAB as he lay
 On the *Sand* by the *Sea*,
 By a FOX that was hungry surpriz'd ;
 Cry'd out, 'twas in vain
 Of his *Fate* to complain,
 Since he would not be better advis'd.

The M O R A L.

Those Men the most unpity'd fall,
That meddle where they have no Call.

R E F L E C T I O N.

The Man that keeps the *Station* he's assign'd,
Lives most at *Ease*, and will most *Safety* find ;
Whilst he that *hankers* after *Novelties*,
Still like this CRAB expos'd to *Danger* lies.
All *Things* have *Stations* fix'd by God and Nature ;
And those exceed their *Bounds* like this vain *Creature*,
May see their *Folly* when it is too late,
And they are gone too far to mend their *Fate*.

F A B. CLXXVI.

A Musician.

A Man whose *Voice* was very weak,
Had a fine *Musick-Room*,
And thither for the *Eccho* sake
He'd oft to practice come.

At length upon a *Publick Stage*
He needs must shew his *Skill*,
Where he is hiss'd at for his *Pains*,
He sung so very ill.

The M O.

The M O R A L.

*Men may look well in their own Glasses,
 Who to the Publick look like Asses:
 But then 'tis here the Truth on't lies,
 There's few Men see with their own Eyes.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*In Private some Philosophers appear,
 That are mere Pedants in the Publick Chair.
 A Room may help the Voice, a Glass the Face;
 And yet the Man be ne're the less an Ass.
 Where Judgment, Wit, and Men of Sense prevail,
 False Glasses and false Eccbo's too must fail:
 Men therefore should with Care themselves survey,
 Measure each Thought, and ev'ry Passion weigh,
 Before they venture to ascend the Stage,
 Where they their Fame and Fortune too engage.*

F A B. CLXXVII.

Thieves that stole a Cock.

A Band of THIEVES a *House* once broke,
Where nothing but a COCK they found ;
And sure no COCK e're better spoke,
For *Life* and *Freedom* to *Compound* :

But chiefly he *insisted* on
His calling up the *Family*.
Sir, says a THIEF, let that alone,
That's but a bad *Apology* :

Sirrah, says he, that spoils our *Trade* ;
You *wake* the *Dogs* and *People* both,
And so by you we are *betray'd*,
And through your *Bawling* hang'd, forsooth.

The M O R A L.

That which is Nourishment to some.
To others is Rank Poyson ;
And so the Trussing up of THIEVES,
To Honest Men a Safety gives.

*One foolish Word more Mischief does,
 Than twenty wise ones can compose.
 Thus Men by their own Argument,
 The Justice of their Cause prevent.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

'Tis a hard Case, an *Argument* to bring
 Against the *Truth* and *Reason* of a *Thing*.
 For want of *Rules*, Men *blindly* blunder on,
 Till by some *foolish Word* they are undone.
 This was the COCK's hard *Fate*, and 'tis no more
 Than what has been *experienc'd o're and o're*.

F A B. CLXXVIII.

A Crow and a Raven.

YOur RAVEN in the *World* appears,
 As if he *Things* to come could shew ;
 A CROW that his *Prediction* hears,
 Sets up for a *Foreboder* too.

So he gets up into a Tree,
And there he *nods*, and *croaking* lay,
Just o're the Head of *Company*
He saw were passing by that Way.

At first this gave them some *Surprize*,
But when they came the Truth to know,
Says one, No *Danger* this *implies*,
'Tis but the *Chatt'ring* of a CROW.

The M O R A L.

Predictions and an Old Wife's Tale,
O're superstitious Fools prevail;
Tho' at the Bottom there appears
Nothing but their own Doubts and Fears.

R E F L E C T I O N.

All Men of Sense those *empty Fools* suspect,
That *Things* beyond their *Faculties* affect.
Emp'ricks, Buffoons, and your Pretenders all,
Under the *Moral* of this *Fable* fall.

A Fool the Doctor's Gown and Cap may wear,
But 'tis not those make the *Philosopher* :

His

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His *Tongue*, his *Mein*, or something else will shew,
That after all he's but a *Chattering* CROW.

F A B. CLXXIX.

A Dog and a Crow.

A DOG by a CROW was invited one time
To *Minerva* to go, and in *Sacrifice* join.
I would go, says the DOG, but what if I do,
The *Goddeſs* has ſuch an *Averſion* to You
'Twill ſignify nothing; Says the CROW, that's
all one,
I'll the rather go try if I can *atone*.

The M O R A L.

By th' Practice of the World we ſee
Religion's but the Property.
Int'reſt or Fear make Men precise,
Or offer up their Sacrifice.

This

R E F L E C T I O N.

Most People with their *Sacrifice* appear,
As *Indians* do, that *serve the De'il for Fear*.

This *Fable* too, if rightly understood,
Shews us to *kiss at Heaven* will do no Good;
Our *Prayers* and *Tears* can only recommend,
And make the *Angry GOD* again our *Friend*.

F A B. CLXXX.

A **Raven** and a **Snake**.

A S a SNAKE in the Sun lay at length,
A RAVEN by chance being near,
With his *Bill* took hold of his *Back*,
And flew with him into the *Air*.

The SNAKE still *twisted* and *twinn'd*,
Till at last the RAVEN he bit;
Upon which his *Folly* he *curs'd*
For vent'ring to meddle with it.

The MORAL.

*The Wants of Life are made by Nature
Easy and safe to ev'ry Creature.
If We have therefore Hankerings
After unsafe and needless Things,
The Fault's our own, and we must bear
Whatever the Misfortunes are.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*Would we the naked State of Things survey,
And Good and Ill with equal Ballance weigh,
At once wou'd open lie before our Sight
The Dangers of a raging Appetite.
There we should see that Pleasure in Excess
Destroys all Means of Human Happiness;
And that to gratify one foolish Sense,
We venture Life, and forfeit Innocence.*

*In short, all Sensual Acquisitions bring
Death in their Teeth, or Poyson in their Sting:
Where e're they bite they leave a mortal Wound,
As in the SNAKE and RAVEN here is found.*

F A B. CLXXXI.

A Daw and Pigeons.

A DAW observ'd a *Dove-house* where
 The PIGEONS were well fed,
 So paints himself like one of them,
 And then among 'em fled.

So long as he his Counsel kept
 He pass'd without a Flaw;
 But being catch'd at unawares,
 He happen'd to cry [KAW.]

This quickly a *Discov'ry* made,
 So out o'th' *House* they beat him;
 And when to his old *Friends* he came,
 They in like Manner treat him.

The M O R A L.

Trimmers when once they are detected,
 Are by both Parties still rejected.

The MORAL.

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The M O R A L.

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Are by both Parties still rejected.

R E F L E C T I O N.

The Man that *aims* at *Things* beyond his *Lot*,
Wishes in vain, and *hazards* what h'has got.
 All *Imitation* at the best is *low* ;
 For *Nature* points what ev'ry One shou'd *do* :
 And where Mens *Talent* and their *Genius* lies,
That they shou'd follow, *That* shou'd chiefly *prize*.

That *senseless* D.A.W, to change his Shape *pre-*
sumes,
 Is still a DAW altho' in *painted Plumes* ;
 And when they come to find the *colour'd Knave*,
 All Men for him a fix'd *Aversion* have.

This *Emblem* too those *Trimmers* represents,
 That like this DAW change *Colour* with *Events*,
 Are like him too expos'd to *Accidents*.
 These may a while pass *Musters* in the *Crowd*,
 But if at *Unawares* they [Kaw] too loud,
 The *Trimmer* then appears thro' the *Disguise*,
 And *Friends* and *Foes* the [Kawing] *Knave* despise.

F A B. CLXXXII.

A DAW with a String at his
Foot.

A Man took a DAW, and, to find him *Impley*,
Ty'd a STRING to his FOOT, and gave
him his *Boy*;

But the DAW not thinking the *Company* good,
Gave the Youngster the slip, and flew to the *Wood*,
Where he's shackl'd and starv'd: Expiring says he,
Had I staid among Men, from this *Death* I'd been free.

The M O R A L.

'Tis Fancy *more than* Reason *still*,
Makes Human Life *seem* Good or Ill.
And 'tis the Mind's the Place where We
Must Happy or Unhappy be.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Men that for slight *Restraints* will Bawl and Kaw,
Run the same *Risque* with this impatient DAW:
With STRINGS about their LEGS around they fly,
Till they are shackl'd and at last they die.

This

This is the *Case* of ev'ry *senceless Fool*,
 Fancies himself Oppress'd by those that *Rule*;
 He rails at *Laws* and murmurs at *Restraints*,
 Tho' better than the *Liberty* he wants.

F A B. CLXXXIII.

Jupiter and Fraud.

SAYS JUPITER to MERCURY,
 A *Composition* make
 OF FRAUD and foul *Hypocrisy*,
Artificers to take.

The *Medicine's* made, and every Man
 Had his proportion'd Dose,
 Yet still there in the Mortar was
 A great deal *Overplus*.

But upon stating the Account,
 This quickly solv'd the *Doubt*;
 It seems, that in the *Catalogue*
 The *Taylors* were left out.

The God in short gave them the rest,
That nothing might be lost;
So in all Trades there's *Knavery*,
But in the *Taylor's* most.

THE MORAL.

*With Flesh and Blood compounded be,
The very Seeds of Knavery.
Some Frauds have got a better Name,
Or else the World is much the same.*

REFLECTION.

*Lying and Couz'ning's practis'd ev'ry where,
Tho' in some Men and Trades they most appear:
The Business of the World 'twixt Man and Man,
Is who can best his Brother Knave trappan.
There's nothing hardly we can say or do,
But has some Mixture in't that is untrue.*

Hence we the Pow'r of Human Frailty see,
And that i'th' main *We* all but *Jugglers* be.

F A B. CLXXXIV.

Jupiter and Modesty.

MAN was made in such wonderful haste,
(As says the Old Fable) the God,
 When he was a *molding* the *Paste*,
 Left MODESTY out of the *Cled*.

But afterwards finding 'twas vain
 To attempt to bring it in Use,
 He *propos'd* to turn it again
 Among the *Multitude* loose.

This MODESTY took very ill;
 At length, I'll agree to't, says she,
 Provided *vain Love* shall be still
 Excluded from my *Company*.

The M O R A L.

No sensual Love can ever be,
 In the same Place with MODESTY;
 It breaks all Bonds, and Natures Rules,
 And makes Men either Mad or Fools.

REFLECTION.

Tho' what the *World* calls MODESTY or *Shame*,
Is only something by another Name,
Yet it can scarce in the same *Person* be,
With *Brutal Love* and *Sensuality*.
Folly and *Madness* govern in their Turn;
The Men whom *Lust* or *Raging Passions* burn;
These tear up *Nature's Bounds*, and lay all wast,
And when that's done, *destroy* themselves at last.

F A B. CLXXXV.

Jupiter's Wedding.

WHEN the *Toy* was once got into JUPITER's
Head,
That nothing would serve him but he must needs
Wed,
He *Resolves* that to *Honour* his *Lady* that *Day*,
All the *World* should have leave to *Feast* and to *play*:
And so he invited the *Creatures* to come,
One and all for to see the *Solemnity* done.

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They all but the *Tortoise* came just to the Time,
 Who being by JUPITER charg'd with the *Crime*,
 Why, truly says he, I was at my own *House*,
 Which tho' 'tis but homely, 'tis fit for my Use.
 This JUPITER took in such *Budgeon*, to see
 That a *Ditch* thus preferr'd to a *Palace* should be,
 That he sentenc'd him never again to stir out,
 Without carri'ng his *House* at the same time about.

The M O R A L.

*A Sluggard a Retreat may have,
 As well as he that's Wife and Brave,
 And Beggars be in Cots as Great,
 As those that in a Palace sit:
 At least they may as happy be,
 As Kings with all their Gallantry.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

A little *Cot* bless'd with *Content* and *Ease*,
 Exceeds by far the *Pomp* of *Palaces*.
 He that at home in *Peace* his *Morsel* eats,
 Avoids the *Danger* of *luxurious Treats*:
 He breaths with *liesure*, and his *Mind* is free
 To read and study his *Philosophy*.

What's

What's a *Voluptuous Dinner*, what's a *Feast*,
Where *Frothy Talk* must entertain the Guest?
And what's the *Pomp* and *Palace* of a *King*,
If *Sense* and *Virtue* don't *Adornment* bring?

This was the *Case* before us, we'll suppose,
So to *JOVE's Feast* the *Tortoise* lagging goes.

F A B. CLXXXVI.

A **Wolf** and a **Sheep**.

A WOLF that was bit by a Dog,
Lay licking his *Wounds* by the Way,
Observing a SHEEP coming by,

Thus took an Occasion to say:

Hark ye *Friend*! Wouldst thou step to that *Brook*,

And bring me a *Scoop* of the *Water*;

I could make a hard shift, I believe,

To get something *my Self* to eat after.

Yes, yes, says the SHEEP, I don't doubt

But you'd quickly have something to eat;

If I'd bring you the *Water* to drink,

My *Carcase* should serve you for *Meat*.

The M O R A L.

*When Men in Want and Sickneſs be,
To help 'em's Chriſtian Charity ;
But when they Sturdy Beggars grow,
The Duty ceases to be ſo.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*It long with Knaves a Maſterpiece has been,
With formal Shews to draw their Bubbles in.
The Caſe i'th' Fable ev'ry Day's in view,
And many SHEEP are ruin'd by it too.*

*Now there's One Rule that always will hold good,
As well in Courts of Princes as the Wood,
Never to truſt thoſe Vermin always lie
Ready to ſnap us by their Flattery.*

*Treachery's a kind of Lay Hypocriſy,
Regards no Faith, nor no Humanity :
Which Æſop's SHEEP obſerv'd through the
Diſguiſe,
So leaves thee WOLF to lick his Wounds, and flies.*

F A B. CLXXXVII.

Hares, Foxes, and Eagles.

A *Bloody War (Old Stories tell)*
'TwiXt HARES and EAGLES once there
fell.

The HARES their utmost Skill apply'd,
To draw the FOXES to their side.
Yes, says the FOXES, we would be
Your Friends, and serve you heartily,
Did we not know our Selves and You,
And those we are to cope with too.

The M O R A L.

Folly and Danger's in the Venture,
When Men in Leagues at Random enter.

R E F L E C T I O N.

'Tis a sure sign that Those are near undone;
Who into dang'rous Leagues at Random run.
The Men, their Lives and Fortunes will expose,
With weak Allies against Unequal Foes,
Urge their own Fate, and hasten their own Woes.

In all *Concerns* of *Life* our Care should be,
To join with *Persons* of our own *Degree*.

F A B. CLXXXVIII.

An *Ant* formerly a *Man*.

THE ANT was first a *Husbandman*,
That *filch'd* his *Neighbour's Corn*,
And home convey'd it *secretly*,
And hid it in his *Barn*.

This drew a *Curse* upon his *Head*;
And *Jupiter*, to shew
He thought it *scandalous* for *Man*
To do such Things *below*.

He turn'd the *Fellow* to an ANT;
But yet his *Change* of *Shape*,
In's *Nature*, *Mind* and *Manners*, did
No *Alteration* make.

The M O R A L.

What's Industry and Care in some,

In others is Oppression.

Virtue and Vice are in some Cases

So like, 'tis hard to know their Faces.

R E F L E C T I O N.

When Men Habitual Wickedness pursue,

It soon grows Desp'rate, and proves Mortal too.

Custom's a second Nature, and denies

To be transform'd, or cover'd by Disguise.

By Brutal Actions We destroy the Mind,

And sink below the Honour of our Kind.

F A B. CLXXXIX.

Travellers by the Sea-side.

A Company walking upon the Sea-side,
Far distant they somewhat coming t'ward
'em espy'd ;

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'Twas so large at first *View* a *Ship* it was thought,
But as it came nearer they took't for a *Boat* :
And what should it be when it came to the *Shore*,
But some *Rushes* and *Weeds*, and not any thing more.

The M O R A L.

Things *distant* big or less appear,
According to our Hope or Fear.

R E F L E C T I O N.

To make our *Lives* more wretched than they be,
We fill them up with *Curiosity* :
Things with *false Eyes* we at a Distance view,
And antedate our Ills and Blessings too,
And falsely judge of ev'ry thing we do.
With too much *Pains* and *Diligence* we pry,
Into the *Secrets* of *Futurity* ;
When all our great *Affairs* lie nearer home,
And only there with *Safety* may be done.

F A B. CXC.

A Wild Ass and a Tame.

A TAME ASS in a Meadow was taking Delight,
With a Coat and a Carcase in very good
Plight,

When up comes a WILD ONE, and to him does say,
I envy your Happiness, so went away.

Not long after this, his TAME BROTHER he
found

Groaning under a Pack, with his Head to the
Ground ;

Upon which he thus whispers it into his Ear :

Well, my Friend, I perceive *We may buy Gold too dear* ;
If this be the Case, I like my own State,
And won't purchase your Food and Good Looks at
this Rate.

The MORAL.

By Envy, Pride, or by Mistake,
Ourselves we double Wretches make :
Our Neighbour *swbat they have we grudge*,
And our own Share too little judge.

R E F L E C T I O N.

How *senceless* is the ASS to mend his *State*,
Runs Hazards to be more *Unfortunate*.
No Man should run a *Risque*, but where the *Gain*
Exceeds the *Loss*, the *Danger*, and the *Pain*.

To Men and Beasts fit *Stations* are assign'd,
And there, or no where, they must *Comfort* find;
For when our *Best* and utmost we have done,
All *Good* or *Ill* is from *Comparison*.

With *Partial Eyes* the *State* of *Things* we view,
And often judge from *false Appearance* too.

F A B. CXCI.

Asses to Jupiter.

THE ASSES found themselves so much
Oppress'd,

By heavy *Burdens* and hard *Masters* too,
That one and All they JUPITER request,

That he would something in their *Favour* do.

Says

Says JUPITER, if I the *Thing* should grant,
I put an End to all *Society*;
The *carrying Burdens* is of so much want,
Some *Way* or *other* it must always be.

But if you'll all to *piss* a *River* try,
That so the *Burdens* may by *Water* go,
With what you ask me I will then comply,
And from your *present Ills* deliver you.

And so to *pissing* all the ASSES fall,
Which *pissing Humour* still remains in Force;
For when One *pisses*, then the rest *piss* all,
And this, they say, is what they do in Course.

THE MORAL.

He that appeals 'gainst Providence,
Shews both a want of Grace and Sence.

REFLECTION.

There's no contending with *Almighty Will*,
What was at first *decreed* continues still:
Nothing was made Imperfect or by Chance,
But ALL in wond'rous Order did advance.

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All Creatures have their fix'd and settl'd State;
Which they no more can *alter* than *create*.
What *Fools* and *Mad Men* then those *Wretches* be,
That strive to change th' *Immutable Decree*;
And like the *ASSES* in the *Emblem* here,
Complain of *Burdens* they are doom'd to bear.

F A B. CXCH.

An *Ass* and the *Frogs*.

AN ASS in crossing o're some *Bogs*,
Sinks down amidst a *Shoal* of *FROGS*,
And there beneath his *Load* he lay,
Sighing almost his *Heart* away.
Why hark ye *Friend*, says One o'th' *Crew*,
You're just fall'n in, and keep this *Doe*;
Had you been here as long as *We*,
I wonder then what you would say.

The M O R A L.

All Things are best and most content,
Within their proper *Element*.

REFLECTION.

In all our *Ills* *We* no *Alley* can find,
 Like *Courage* and a *Constancy* of *Mind* :
 Those bear us up and *mitigate* our *Pain*,
 When all our *Sighs* and *Strugglings* are in vain.

Custom does much, but *Custom* never can
 Alter the *Brave*, or shake the *Steady Man* :
Virtue's his *Guide*, and that will steer him through
 All *Accidents* that *Life* is subject to.

F A B. CXCIII.

A Gall'd Ass and a Raven.

A N ASS whose BACK was sadly GALL'D,
 As he a *feeding* was,
 A RAVEN pitching on him, kept
 Still *babbling* at the *Place*.

On which the ASS to *frisking* fell,
 And *braying* in such fort,
 That set a *Groom* that saw the Thing,
 A *laughing* at the *Sport*,

Well,

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Well, says a *Wolf* as he pass'd by,

Now where's the *Justice* here?

Had I been in this RAVEN's Place,

It would have cost me dear.

The M O R A L.

Some Men *may better steal a Horse,*

Than Others look into the Place.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Reason by Humour is so much o'er sway'd,

And Men by *Prejudice* so oft betray'd,

They *Love* and *Hate*, and both they know not why,

As tho' they acted from *Antipathy*.

F A B. CXCIV.

A *Lyon*, *Ass*, and *Fox*.

A N ASS and a FOX were together one Day,
And *rambling* along met a LYON i'th' Way.
The FOX's Heart beat, but to mend a bad Game,
Puts on a good Face, and to'th' LYON he came:

If

If your *Majesty* please, I can serve you, says he,
 And your *Honour* to me shall *Security* be:
 If you'd have this ASS, speak the Word, I'll go on,
 And deliver him to You as sure as a Gun.
 Well, well, says the LYON, then let it be done.
 So the FOX to a Toy! the ASS did ensnare,
 And the LYON perceiving they both were safe
 there,
 He begins with the FOX, and after He's Eat,
 The ASS must supply the rest of the Meat.

THE MORAL.

The Treason sometimes may be born,
 But Traytors all Men hate and scorn.

REFLECTION.

With Diligence we should survey the Man,
 Before we make him our Companion:
 For tho' i' th' Course of Things we often see,
 Traytors at last but their own *Lifors* be;
 Yet still whene're we trust a common Knave,
 If W'are betray'd we no Excuse can have.

Here in th' Emblem we at once may view,
 A Fool, a Traytor and a Tyrant too:
 That

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That Fool the ASS, that Knave the FOX betrays ;
Then on them Both the Tyrant LYON preys.
And what's all this but what we daily find,
Run through the gen'ral Practice of Mankind ?

F A B. CXC.V.

A Hen and a Swallow.

U P O N a Nest of Snakes Eggs once,
There was a HEN that brooding sat ;
A SWALLOW that observ'd it, went

And told her, to prevent her Fate.

You little think perhaps, says she,
What at this Instant 'tis you do ;
And that what now you Hatching be,
Will in Conclusion ruine you.

The M O R A L.

Thus in the World we often see
Many a Man of Probity,
In spite of all we can advise,
Breeds up a Bird picks out his Eyes.

REFLECTION.

'Tis but the common Fate of friendly Men,
 To meet Contempt and base Returns again.
 The World in all Respects is grown so Lewd,
 So lost to Honour, Sence, and Gratitude,
 A Man can hardly a good Office do,
 But he's betray'd, and slighted for it too.

Ungrateful Villains all Occasions watch,
 And lay the Plots well-meaning Blockheads hatch;
 Who like this silly HEN will still brood on,
 Till like her too they are at last undone.

F A B. CXCVI.

A Pigeon and a Picture.

With Water in't a PIGEON saw
 The Picture of a Glass;
 And eagerly up to't she flies,
 Supposing Water 'twas.

She

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She flew so fierce against the *Frame*,

That she her *Feathers* broke;

And falling to the Ground upon't,

The *People* took her up.

The M. O. R. A. L.

Rash Men do many Things in Haste,

That they repent of when they're past.

R E F L E C T I O N.

We should *examin* first what e're *We* do,

Then neither be too hasty nor too slow;

I'th' middle Way Men always safest go.

When without Thought we like this PIGEON fly,

At ev'ry *Object* that first strikes the *Eye*,

Like her we run a *Risque* to break our *Wings*,

'Gainst *Outward Forms* and *Images* of *Things*.

The Man that is by *Violent Transports* sway'd,

We often see is easily *betray'd*.

When *Passion* guides us, without *Fear* or *Wit*,

All sorts of *Vice* and *Folly* we commit.

Ambition, Hatred, Fear, Revenge and *Love*,

All in their *Turns* to our *Destruction* move:

Which

Which comes exactly to the PIGEON's Case,
And speaks Us full as *silly* as She was.

F A B. CXCVII.

A Pigeon and a Crow.

A PIGEON that us'd in a *Dove-house* to feed,
Made her Brags to a CROW of her *num'rous*
Breed.

Says the CROW ; Pray to *boast* of your Children
forbear,

For the more you have of 'em the greater's your
Care.

The M O R A L.

A num'rous Issue, Blessings *are* ;

But a few Good Ones greater far.

R E F L E C T I O N.

What *Charge*, what *Hazard*, and what constant
Care,

Attend the *Man* whose Children *Num'rous* are !

And

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And whether 'tis Their Lot to *Live* or *Die*,
Still They find *Matter* for *Anxiety*:
Their *Preservation*'s always in his Sight,
Implies his *Hands* by Day, his *Head* by Night;
And after all, 'tis odds, but some of These
Grow *Vicious*, and destroy his future *Ease*.

F A B. CXCVIII.

A Woman and her Two
Daughters.

A WOMAN that Two DAUGHTERS had,
Happ'ning to *Bury One*,
Provides some *Mourners* to *attend*
The Body to her *Tomb*.

When the surviving DAUGHTER saw
These *Strangers* how they Mourn'd,
And all her nearest *Kindred* sit
So *Calm* and *Unconcern'd*;

She

She ask'd her *Mother* what it meant :

Says she, Ill tell you why ;

Her *Kindred* nothing are to get,

But *Those* are *Hir'd* to cry.

The M O R A L.

Hir'd Mourners are like Knights o'th' Post,

They'll serve them best that give them most.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Most Funeral Grief's but Mourning a la Mode,

And to the *Corps* for *Form Sake* only shew'd :

Some Tears in-Course must at the *Grave* be shed,

But more for th' *Sake o'th' Living* than the *Dead*.

F A B. CXCIX.

A Shepherd and his Sheep.

W HEN SHEEP like *Hogs* on *Acrons* fed,
It came into a SHEPHERD's Head

To

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To drive his *Flock* into a *Wood*,
 And there to try to get 'em *Food*;
 Under a *Tree* his *Coat* he plac'd,
 And then got up and shook the *Mast*.
 The *SHEEP* so fond o'th' *Acrons* were,
 That often they the *Coat* would tear;
 Which when the *SHEPHERD* saw, says he,
 You're an ungrateful *Company*:
 You *cloath* all *People* you don't know,
 And strip your *Master* *fosters* you.

The M O R A L.

*Thus rav'nous Appetites devour,
 Whatever falls within their Power.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Some Men with *eager Appetites* are *curst*
 To that Degree, all *Sence of Taste* is lost;
 For Things or Persons they have no *Regard*,
 Nor are their *Masters* in their *Hunger* spar'd.

F A B. CC.

Jupiter and a Herdsman.

A HERDSMAN a Calf losing out of his Ground;
 To find it again he sent up and down;
 And after much Search when he nothing could
 hear,

As the last Thing of all he falls to his Prayer :-

Great JOVE ! if the Thief that has robb'd me you'll
 shew,

Says he, on your Altar a Kid I'll bestow.

The Words hardly pass'd, but a Lyon appears,

Which set the poor Man again to his Prayers :

I remember my Vow ; but this Thief take away,

And instead of a Kid, a Bull I will pay.

The M O R A L.

We cannot too much Caution take

What Vows and Promises we make ;

Since e'en by granting of our Pray'r,

We very often ruin'd are.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Vows are so *Sacred*, they should ne'er be made
 Till ev'ry *Part* and *Circumstance* is weigh'd;
 Nor should we *wish* for Things, before w'are sure
 To have our *Wishes* would our *Ease* procure;
 A thousand things we in our *Fancies* choose,
 Which when w'have got 'em we'd be glad to lose.

Therefore the Man that mod'rates his Desires,
 And nothing needless or unsafe *requires*;
 That like this HERDSMAN makes no hasty *Vows*,
 But all the *Acts* of *Providence* allows;
 He does as much as *Human Nature* can,
 And comes up nearest to the happy Man.

F A B. CCI.

Gnat and Lyon.

AS a LYON the *Forest* was blust'ring about,
 A GNAT comes up to him, and thus they
 fell out.

I don't fear your *Teeth*, nor your *Claws*, says the
GNAT;

They're only the *Weapons* of ev'ry *Bold Slut* :
My *Honour* and *Courage* than yours are more clear,
And I'll instantly try the *Point*, if you dare.
This *Haughty Defiance* the LYON enrag'd,
So the *Trumpet* was *sounded*, and the *Champions*
engag'd.

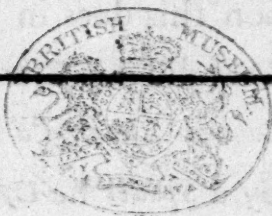
The *Nostrils* o'th' LYON the GNAT charges in,
And there did to *Biting* and *Twinging* begin ;
'Till with his own *Claws* he his *Flesh* tore away,
And so in *Conclusion* the GNAT won the *Day*.
The GNAT upon this does in *Triumph* retreat,
But see how ill *Luck* did his *Glor* defeat.
As he flew in a *Cobweb* *Entangl'd* he lies,
And so after all by a *Spider* he *Dyes*.

The M O R A L.

'Tis always in the *Power of Fate*
To *Humble e'en the Highest State* :
And by a mean and *Abje&t Thing*
The *Mighty to Contempt to bring*.
Therefore all *Creatures should beware*
T'avoid *Presumption or Dispair*.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Nothing's so *great*, nor nothing is so *low*,
But may the *diff'rent Turns* of *Fortune* know.
A FLY may foil a LYON, and that FLY
May the next *Moment* by a *Spider* die.
The *Doctrine's* plain, No *Greatness* is secure
When ev'ry *Insect* may its Fall ensure.



The END of the First Volume.

